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Dance and Dancers

FEBRUARY 1955

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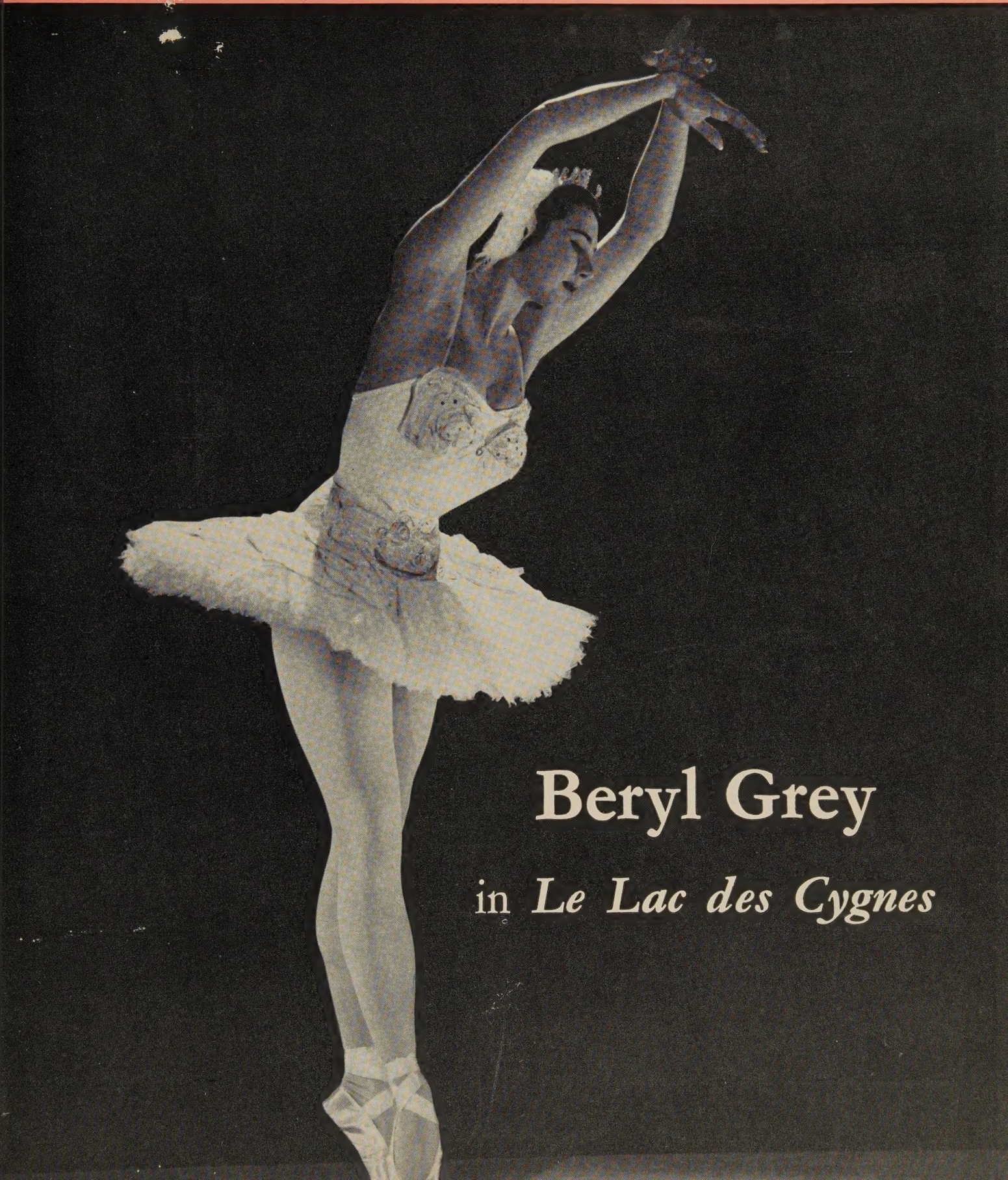

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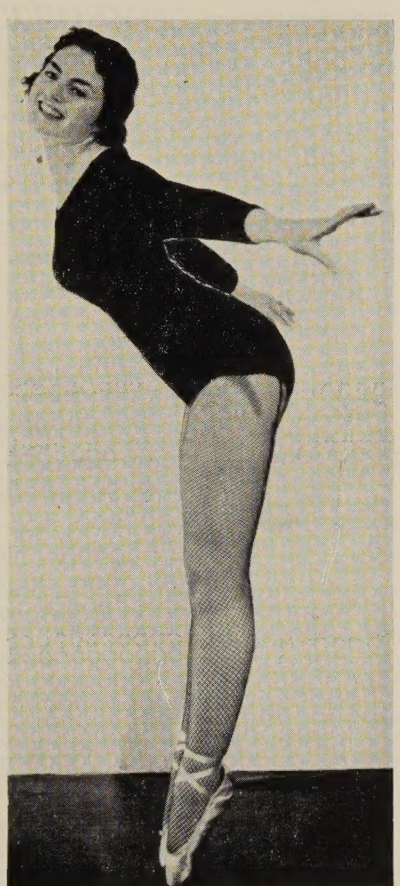

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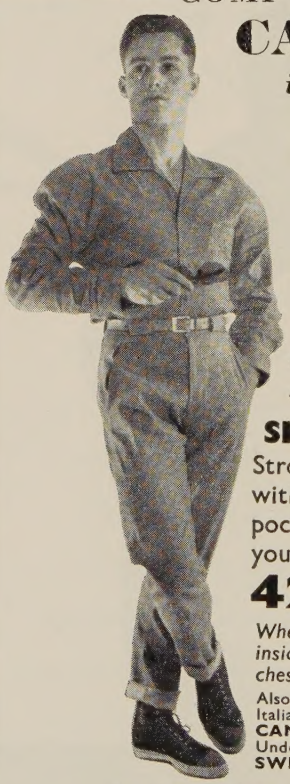

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Personality of the month

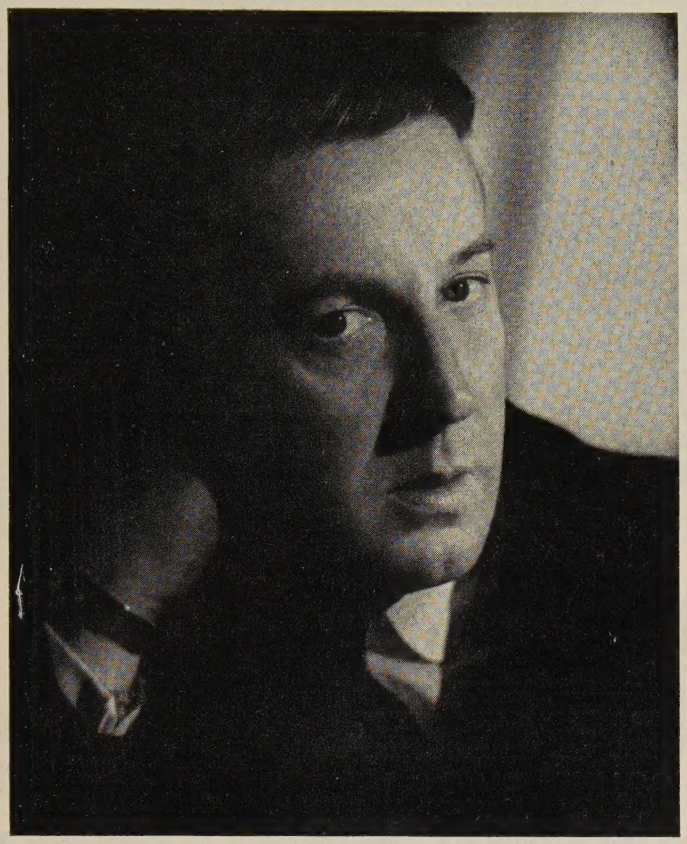

Photo: Houston Rogers

FREDERICK ASHTON **Reason: For adding to his twenty years of distinguished service to the Sadler's Wells Ballet by creating three new works for it in the first half of this year, and for mounting a new full-length ballet for a foreign company.**

IN 1935 the then Vic-Wells Ballet acquired the permanent services of a twenty-nine-year-old dancer and choreographer. His name was Frederick Ashton, a discovery and *protegé* of Marie Rambert's, whose debut as a choreographer had been made in 1926.

In his two decades with the national ballet, first as principal choreographer and in latter years as Associate Director, he has been responsible for many of the productions that have made British ballet internationally famous. He has been a pioneer in this country of the full-length ballet, and throughout his career an upholder of classical dancing.

But there is happily no need to be retrospective about Ashton. One of the two or three most eminent choreographers working in the Western world today, he has celebrated his anniversary in a manner that will appeal to his admirers, by the creation of two new ballets—*Variations on a Theme of Purcell* and *Rinaldo and Armida*. A new ballet may also be given at Covent Garden during the current season, and in the spring he goes to Copenhagen.

At the time of writing* none of these productions has been seen, but in the past, despite the occasional failure attendant on all eminent careers, Ashton's career (like that of Fonteyn, his chosen ballerina) has been remarkably consistent in its rise. Among all his more distinguished contemporaries (many of whom started in a blaze of glory only to finish in a puff of smoke) only Balanchine, with whom the English choreographer has much in common, can point to such a continuous development.

Now presumably at the height of his powers, it is possible to see Ashton's achievement more clearly than before. Perhaps the part he has played in the establishment of British ballet has in the past been under-estimated. Though Rambert and De Valois have formed British ballet as we know it, and Fonteyn has made it world-famous, it is Ashton who has been the prime mover in making it a creative force. And if that is not the most important achievement to us, the future for ballet in this country is bleak.

* *Since the above was written, Ashton's* Rinaldo and Armida *and* Variations on a Theme of Purcell *have had their world premières at Covent Garden and are reviewed in full on pages* 14—17.

February 1955 Vol. 6 No. 2

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS
Assistant Editor: CLIVE A. BARNES

WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

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ONCE RARIN'—NOW AWAY

JUST before Christmas we were severely admonished by a very famous ballerina. Apparently our statement in this column a few months ago that "there are plenty of young choreographers just rarin' to go," incensed her to such an extent that she hurled her copy of *Dance and Dancers* across the room. "Where?" she demanded, "are these promising choreographers?" As it happens the situation between the time when those words were written and the end of 1954, has changed to a quite remarkable extent. Perhaps it has been the Diaghilev Exhibition, or perhaps it has been the fact that the sterility of 1954 has hit us between the eyes, but whatever the cause, there is no doubt that 1955 will be one of the most creative years in the history of British ballet.

The last notes of Big Ben ushering in the New Year had hardly died away before Frederick Ashton put on, not one new ballet at Covent Garden, but two. This is the kind of excess we have badly needed. Whether excess and success become synonymous is not the point; that everyone is waking up to the fact that our repertoires are becoming stale and that a large injection of creative activity is absolutely vital is the most cheering note upon which any new ballet year has opened for a long time.

Close on the heels of the Ashton works comes the first major work from a choreographer from whom we have long expected great things—Kenneth Macmillan. His version of the Stravinsky *Danses Concertantes* for the Theatre Ballet is a brave venture: not only is he inviting immediate comparison with Balanchine but he is tackling one of the most complicated of ballet scores. Had he not won his spurs with his first two ballets (for the Wells Choreographic Group) one might say that he was stepping in where no angel would dare to plant a celestial toe. As it is, having proved himself to a small exacting public, one can only commend him for not taking the easy way before the world at large.

But if this is a formidable start, there is plenty more to come. In the summer we shall get the first all-British three-act ballet at Covent Garden—choreography and scenario by Cranko, music by Britten, décor by Piper. Possibly also another Ashton all-British work with a score by Alan Rawsthorne and designs by Isabel Lambert on a Japanese story similar to Madam Butterfly. This all seems to be a quick answer to those foreign critics who have said that there are not enough representative British works in our repertoires.

Better still, this is to be a year when many of our choreographers will work abroad. Ashton mounts a full length *Romeo and Juliet* (Prokofiev music) for the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen, and his *Cinderella* for La Scala, Milan. Jack Carter will be working in Holland, Alan Carter in Germany and Walter Gore in Australia. We foolishly let a most promising young man, Don Gillies, return to Canada where it seems he is fulfilling the promise he showed at Ballet Workshop. John Cranko is to mount *La Belle Hélène* for the Paris Opéra in March. There is talk of Alfred Rodriguez and Michael Charnley both doing new works in Italy. This is only part of the British choreographic plan for 1955; and, without feeling either smug or insular, I doubt whether any other country is likely to produce a more formidable one.

All these choreographers *were* rarin' to go when the original statement was made—now they have gone. The world famous ballerina can now pick up her copy of *Dance and Dancers* from the corner into which she threw it.

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BY THE MAKERS OF

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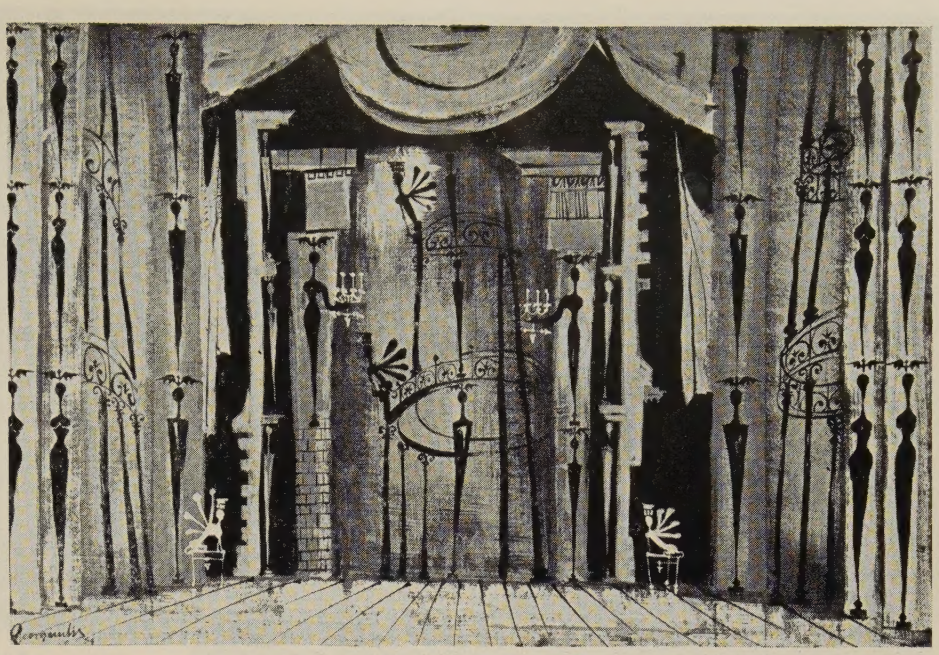
Nicholas Georgiadis who has designed Macmillan's Danses Concertantes.



Sketch for the setting of Danses Concertantes.

Photos: Philip Boucas

Greek designer for Stravinsky ballet

THE first performance of Kenneth Macmillan's *Danses Concertantes*, to Stravinsky's music, at the Salder's Wells Theatre on January 18 not only introduced a new choreographer to the general ballet public but also the work of a new designer.

Nicholas Georgiadis was born in Athens twenty-seven years ago. There he studied painting and architecture. Later he went to New York to continue his studies and in 1952 he designed a ballet for the Choreographer's Workshop. In the following year he came to England on a British Council grant and since then he has studied at the Slade School where he received first prize for stage design. Last year he exhibited with the London Group.

His only other stage work in London has been for the London University Theatre for whom he designed a production of Christopher Fry's *Venus Observed.*

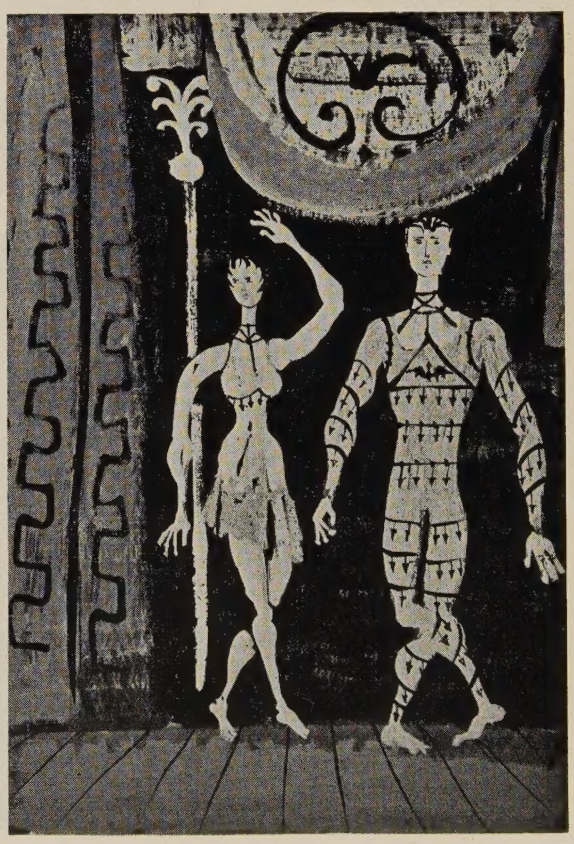
Georgiadis' main interest is in painting and design and he firmly believes that stage design is primarily a question of colour and is less interested in the architectural elements which most designers bring to their work. He may prove to be just the sort of designer that ballet in Britain has long been needing as, since the death of Sophie Fedorovitch, intelligent use of colour has not been apparent in the majority of recent ballets.

Left: Design for three of the corps de ballet *girls.*

Right: Costume design for two of the principals in Danses Concertantes — *Sara Neil and Donald Britton.*

Georgiadis has said that in his designs he has tried to invent a fantastic architectural world in which the neo-classic, astringent, elegant and dissonant quality of the music would find their visual counterpart.

Photos: Philip Boucas



First Yugoslav ballet in London—from Zagreb

The story behind the Yugoslav National Opera and Ballet Company which is giving its first London season at the Stoll Theatre with a repertoire including the dances in the opera, *Prince Igor*, the full-length *Romeo and Juliet*, and two works on a Yugoslav theme—*The Devil in the Village* and *The Gingerbread Heart*.

by MILAN GRAF

Margareta Froman, the Director of the ballet and choreographer of The Gingerbread Heart *and* Romeo and Juliet.

LONDON has seen and applauded companies of Yugoslav folk dancers and the ballet from the Belgrade Opera House appeared at the Edinburgh Festival in 1951, but the company now at the Stoll Theatre is the first full-size Yugoslav ballet company to come to London.

There has been very little information available to the British ballet public about this new visitor—the Yugoslav National Opera and Ballet Company from Zagreb—and many of the names will mean little to the present-day audience.

The earliest work in this company's repertoire to be shown in London—*The Gingerbread Heart*—was created in 1924 and was the result of close collaboration between the choreographer, Margareta Froman, and the composer, Kresimir Baranovic. The work has nationalistic background, using a simple, rather naive story of a peasant boy and girl who fall in love. It breathes unaffected romance and there are no complications or dramatic clashes. The richness of national dances and costumes, fresh and lively rhythms, are the main strength of this work, which has been for the past 30 years one of the most popular works in the repertoire of the Zagreb theatre.

The choreographer, Margareta Froman, was born in Moscow and at the end of the last century entered the Imperial Ballet School. After leaving it she danced for a time with Michel Mordkin. Leaving Russia, she toured Europe and America with both the Diaghilev and Anna Pavlova companies. In 1921 she came to Zagreb where she settled, first as prima ballerina and later as Director of Ballet and permanent choreographer. She mounted the successful *The Legend of Ohrid* for the company in Belgrade and it was given at the Edinburgh Festival in 1951.

The composer, Kresimir Baranovic, was for many seasons the permanent conductor of Anna Pavlova's company, during which time he made the acquaintance of Margareta Froman. He later persuaded her to come to Zagreb where he was the director of the National Opera. Today he is director of the Belgrade Philharmonic Orchestra. When his ballet *The Gingerbread Heart* was given in Edinburgh it had other choreography.

Co-operation, key to success

Close co-operation between choreographer and composer also resulted in *The Devil in the Village*, the second work by a Yugoslav choreographer, or rather two choreographers. It is the work of Pia and Pino Mlakar, who studied classical dancing and choreography in Paris and also with Rudolf Laban. They have each created a large number of ballets in Yugoslav theatres as well as spending long periods in Zurich and the Munich Staatsoper as *maître de ballet*. Their *Ballad of a Medieval Love* was also seen in Edinburgh.

On several occasions they have collaborated with the composer Fran Lhotka, formerly director of the Music Academy in Zagreb, but this present work is probably one of their most important. The three-act *The Devil in the Village* differs from *The Gingerbread Heart* in that the folklore is not the primary consideration. It is used more to set the place of action and, apart from the final scene, the choreography takes only its inspiration from folk-dancing, being carried out in neo-classical style. In some scenes the ballet has a certain "epic width;" but as this is one of the outstanding characteristics of the South Slav narrative, such breadth of treatment has artistic justification.

New choreography for Shakespeare

Many musicians consider that Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* is the finest contemporary ballet score. Just as the story of the deathless lovers of Verona inspired Shakespeare, so also does it seem to have inspired Prokofiev to produce a masterpiece.

The ballet is, of course, a great favourite in the USSR but is little known in Western Europe. In her choreography for the Zagreb company Margareta Froman has not attempted to fit ballet movements to every musical note. Rather has she attempted a discreet but faithful interpretation of events, a kind of choreography of intimate emotions, where the music of Prokofiev is an integral part of what the scene wishes to show. Without variations, *fouettés* and *entrechats*, the characters of Romeo and Juliet become far more convincing. For that very reason there is no trace of virtuosity for the sake of virtuosity in the choreography.

In our March issue there will be reviews and more pictures of this company's first London season—ballets and personalities.

Sonia Kastl as Juliet and Nenad Lhotka as Romeo in the love scenes from Froman's version of Prokofiev's Romeo and Juliet. *This production is the first that England has seen to the famous score that has long been popular in the USSR.*

The Devil in the Village

Scenes from the full-length ballet on a purely Yugoslav theme which the Yugoslav National Opera and Ballet are giving in London. The choreography is by Pia and Pino Mlakar and the music by Fran Lhotka.

Above: the final Kolo dance from the last scene. The dance is in the semi-circle formation which is characteristic of so many eastern European folk-dances.

Right: the Fair scene from the same ballet.

Sonia Kastle and Nenad Lhotka, the two principal dancers of the company, in a pas de deux *from* The Devil in the Village.

Right: The Wooing Scene. Although the ballet has been inspired by Yugoslav folk-dancing, the choreographers have interpreted it in a neo-classical style. These pictures give some idea of the spirited dances for which Yugoslavia is famous and which bring proof of how a folk-dance background can add national colour to ballet.

THE DANCE FOR LIFE

Preparations for the dance begin in the kiva, *and underground structure symbolising the centre of the universe and birthplace of the Indian world. Two dancers are daubing each other with blue pigment for an Evergreen dance at the* kiva *entrance. Photo: Frank C. Stuart*

DANCE is many things to many people, but to none is it a more integral part of everyday living than to the Pueblo Indians of the North American South-west.

For well on 2,000 years these patient, brown farmer-folk of the Rio Grande valley of New Mexico and the *mesa*-lands of Arizona have found in the puissant, unsophisticated choreography of their ancestors an expression of their faith in a totally animate universe—a mystical world of dancing gods, whispering winds, playful clouds, feeling mountains and a host of broad-horned animals which merely need to shed their skins to reveal the shape and appearance of man.

The earth and the underworld (where Indian life began) are a stage for the dual performance of man and "the Great Ones," the personified forces of nature approachable only through the ritual of the ceremonial dance. Through dance the Indian communes with the supernaturals intermediary between him and his creator, evoking from them rain, fertility and protection.

The natural human fear of the unknown is dispelled by a perpetual cycle of dance which illuminates the Indian's role in the scheme of creation, showing him to be neither less nor more important to existence than a rock, a tree, or a spiny hedgehog. What sets the Indian apart from these things is the gift of dance and mime bestowed upon him by his Corn Mother, *Mazuitli*. Throughout eternity the gods will dance and the Indian with them.

The ceremonial year in all of the 18 surviving Pueblo villages is divided by the summer and winter solstices. There are fixed rituals and prayers for every occasion and the hour of their beginning is determined by the priests, who fix it by observation of the sun.

The dance itself is the climax of an esoteric ceremonial which may have occupied the previous week or even fortnight. Before it can be "offered up" to the gods, each detail must be rehearsed and re-rehearsed.

Preparations for the dance

The Indian learns to dance when he learns to walk, but there is never an end to learning or to practice.

The slightest irregularity in a dance drama, a dangling feather or a misplaced fetish, can sap the energy of a ceremonial as surely as a notched stem drains the life-fluid from an injured corn plant.

The period of intense preparation before the dance is known as "the retreat" and takes place in the *kiva*, a simple underground structure built of wood and adobe and symbolising the centre of the universe and the birthplace of Pueblo life. While in the *kiva* the dancer must observe various forms of abstinence. To cleanse and purify the body, meat, grease and salt are abstained from. At certain times there is complete fasting. Continence preceding and during the ceremony is particularly observed. washing of the hair in the creamy suds of the Yucca root is of special importance. To insure internal purification, emetics are taken each morning and after the final dance.

In the last hours before the dance, costuming takes place. The faces, chests and legs of the dancers are painted white, brown or blue, depending on the particular ceremony. Sprigs of sacred evergreen are tucked into the yellow and blue armbands, and white cotton sashes symbolising the falling rain are secured at the waist.

Stories in the sand

In the midst of it all the chief priest, or *cacique,* chants the legends and myths of the people, especially those bearing on the dance about to be performed. He dribbles multi-coloured particles of sand through gnarled, mahogany fingers, and these flow into lovely and intricate paintings on the floor. Everyone looks—there is a hush. Then with a brush of the hand the old man erases his illustration, confiding it back to memory.

With several minutes left to go, the deep, summoning tones of the ceremonial drum vibrate across the plaza which is now thronged with spectators. Voices join in. The leader motions and up the pine-rung ladder go the dancers, silently and sure-footedly. They come out of the great mud-hive of the *kiva* like winged ants, thus re-creating the story of the Indian emergence from the Underworld. The *cacique* sprinkles a path in sacred corn meal into the plaza for them to follow, and they move behind him as an entity to the tinkling of hundreds of sleigh bells which are tied with deer thongs below their knees. Then, with a loud fanfare of gourd rattles, they halt.

Deer and Elk dancers before a Christmas shrine. At least once during the dance the "animals" pay respect to the patron saint of the village. Photo: Frank C. Stuart

Turtle Dance. Everything connected with water is sacred to the Pueblo Indians. In the hot months the men of Santa Ana perform this dance, one of the most powerful evocations for rain. Turtle shells tied behind their knees clatter against deer hoofs to attract rain gods. Photo: Frank C. Stuart

Since before the time of Christ, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona have interpreted life by dancing in the steps of their forebearers...

by
FRANK C. STUART

Hopi Maidens. Young girls of the Hopi villages of Arizona appear in ceremonials with their eyes covered and wearing the tablita, *one of the earliest ceremonial adornments. The tufts of eagle down are specially prized as they come from a bird which can fly straight into the sky and eventually disappear, taken, as it were, to the bosom of the gods.*

Photo: Frank C. Stuart

The leader moves to the centre of the line and the *cacique* to its head. From somewhere the *Chifonetti* or "Delight Makers" appear, jesting and kicking up clouds of dust in their frolic. They seem unaware of the solemnity they are interrupting.

Actually, they are the holiest of men on this occasion, the arch-defenders of the native faith, though they act the buffoon. Their bodies, bare except for a breech-cloth, are striped black and white or yellow and white like a zebra's. Their long black hair is done up in braids and fixed in "rabbit ears" on either side of their head to symbolise full, mature ears of maize.

Chameleon-like, he changes appearance and mood with his background. In turn, to suit the occasion, he is a Chaplin, a Petrouchka or a Mephistopheles, but with that subtle blending of "something" inimitably Indian. He wisecracks in Spanish, English and three Indian tongues, pantomimes the legendary visit of a Turtle Man to the village; or imitates a photographer, looking through his legs to get the proper camera angle. He is especially jaunty when it is his duty to keep all eyes averted from the ministrations of a masked god or *katchina,* who may put in a brief appearance during the ceremony.

If a Roman Catholic shrine, hastily erected of cottonwood boughs, stands in one corner of the plaza to house the patron saint, it is assured that the *Chifonetti* will slip away unnoticed except by a few to insult the image and reassert the supremacy of Indian religion. For he is representative of the "ancients," defender of the old way of life, a sort of knight in clown's clothing. The gods have given him the power to see man's folly and the laughing, philosophic nature to make light of it.

In almost all the dances men are superior to women. In the *katchina* dances, female characters are impersonated by men, the male gods dancing more resolutely than the female.

Since women draw the power of giving birth from the soil they must dance with a slow, shuffling gait so as not to lose contact, and often without moccasins.

The Pueblo Indian's first concern is with tribal unity and nowhere is this more evident than at a dance ceremonial. There is no room for a demonstrative virtuoso in an Indian dance line, which is not to say that some dancers do not excel. This applies even in the beautiful eagle dance, a pantomime more than a dance, a marvellous thing to see, very reminiscent of performances of *The Dying Swan.* The dancer here performs with such singularity that he seems actually to become a bird in flight, believing himself possessed by the overweening majesty of the Great Bald Eagle.

To pay him a compliment as a dancer, unless your compliment were adroitly worded, would bring an embarrassed but polite acknowledgment. But a tribute to the village dancers as a whole would spread a broad smile across the bronzed face of the individual Indian.

Even the simplest dances have a variety of patterns. The most common is the single line which moves as a unit: one leg of each man raised to the same height at the same moment; or there may be two rows facing each other with steps varied to suit the type of impersonation. The rhythm is regular, ecstatic and hypnotic. A deep sense of the primitive is stirred, pushed to the surface by the diastole-systole rhythm of the drums. A tourist in the back line of spectators—fresh off the train from New England—catches himself stomping and blushes. Occasionally there are skip beats and pauses which occur without forewarning in drumbeat, song and dance. The songs sung by the chorus are so ancient and obsolete that even the singers do not know the meanings of the sounds.

The Dance Callendar

BEGINNING in December the Pueblo dance calendar, which will vary from village to village, will certainly open with a Christmas dance—a fascinating mixture of native and Christian feeling—followed by a Welcoming Ceremony in the New Year.

The hardening of winter frost and snow brings the Hunt and Weather Control Group of dancers into prominence. The Hunt dancers must cajole the animals into giving up their bodies for the Indian's survival by reminding them that their survival, in the barren months, is almost entirely dependent on flesh. They recall the days, near the beginning of time, when men and animals were brothers and deer gave their lives voluntarily to their carnivorous brethren.

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Sundown brings the ritual to a close. Men of Santa Ana having washed off their ceremonial paint cast boughs of sacred evergreen on the waters. The river carries the message of their faith to the Great Ones in the underworld. *Photo: Frank C. Stuart*

Left: Buffalo Maidens, embodying the spirit of the animal's mother, dance beside the pantomimists around the plaza. *Photo: Charles Gallenkamp*

What's to be done with the Workshop?

Ballet Workshop, London's only semi-permanent organisation for giving choreographers a chance to show their work and to experiment, is in danger of petering out. This article assesses what has been achieved in the past and points to the immense value it has been to British ballet as well as showing the faults that may lead to its downfall.

by CLIVE BARNES

WHEN four years ago Ballet Workshop was first formed, it had as many well-wishers as a bridal couple at their wedding reception. Obviously, we all said, such an organisation as this was needed. How else could the creative artists in ballet be given the opportunity they required to emerge from the chrysalis of aspiration? How else could be taken, within the existing commercial framework of ballet, the financial risks attendant upon allowing the apprentice choreographer, musician or designer, to try his hand at producing a ballet?

The shoe-string budget on which Ballet Workshop worked, the specialist audience before which it performed, the questing policy upon which it was based, all added up to its formation being accepted as the fulfilment of what is universally known to journalists as "a long-felt want." More even than this—Ballet Workshop *was* a necessity. Is it now?

So many for so few

What has been achieved so far is impressive. Quantitatively the Workshop's output has been almost incredible. Its directors could well claim that never in the history of modern ballet have so many been presented for so little to so few; because, although performances at the Workshop are always sold out, the theatre can only seat 120. In four years this Protean group has given literally dozens of ballets their first performances. Qualitatively the picture is admittedly not as startling.

Two choreographers have strengthened their claim to recognition (Jack Carter and Michael Holmes), two more have been discovered (Michael Charnley and Peter Darrell), a few more, like Ronald Yerrell, have shown themselves worthy of future attention. Of the designers, apart from those already well known, Tom Lingwood and, more especially, Norman McDowell, have established themselves. Among the composers Michael Hobson shines out like a good deed in a naughty world.

But all these artists, except for Yerrell, were discoveries of the organisation's early seasons, and some of the newcomers who have been presented in more recent programmes have shown themselves capable of little more than inexperienced gropings. Generally inexperience is more than forgivable in such an enterprise, but when it is apparently accompanied by little choreographic talent and few practicable ideas it will soon outstay its welcome.

Qualifying round before genius

No spectator at the Workshop objects to bad ballets if he feels that they are merely the qualifying rounds before the advent of a genius. At the moment I sense that the best we can hope for in the future from newcomers is competent mediocrity.

Ballet Workshop is in danger of petering out, or of dying like an etiolated plant. This must not be allowed to happen. When it started I called the Workshop potentially the most important event in ballet for years. I still regard it as just that, but feel most strongly that it needs a fresh impetus. Sunlight must be let in to feed its leaves before they start to yellow and wither. The question, of course, is: how?

Let us start by accepting two premises. Firstly, that Ballet Workshop, the ideal, is fundamentally essential. Secondly, that it has two possible functions—to give an outlet to untried and experience to immature creative talent within ballet, and also to extend by experimentation ballet's boundaries.

To fulfil either of these functions it needs experienced and well-trained dancers, and it is from the shortage of this basic "raw material" that, to my mind, many of the Workshop's difficulties arise. The apprentice choreographer is not going to come from the ranks of the apprentice dancers; choreography is a resolute cart that cannot be put before any dancing horse. An inexperienced dancer is no more going to make a choreographer than a child ignorant of his ABC is likely to blossom forth as an author.

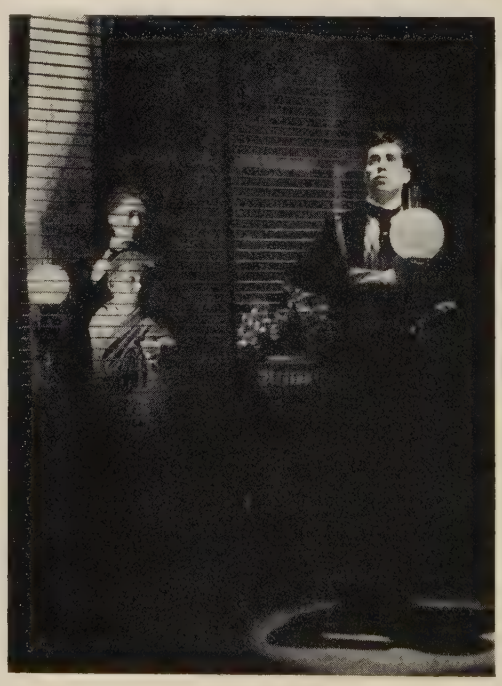
Experienced dancers hard to get

But experienced dancers (i.e. dancers with considerable stage knowledge of the choreographic masterpieces of the past) are rare. In the main they are locked up in the country's few leading ballet companies —the two Sadler's Wells companies, Festival Ballet and the Ballet Rambert. The two last-named are usually on tour out of London, the Sadler's Wells organisation has so far unfortunately found itself unable to collaborate with Ballet Workshop.

If experienced dancers are needed for the Workshop's first possible function, they are even more necessary for the second. Often we are told that ballet needs to take new directions, the cry for experiment is dinned in our ears, and Ballet Workshop has attempted such experimentation.

Sometimes this has been with established choreographers like Walter Gore, whose *Pastorale for Today, Tancredi and Clorinda* and *Peepshow* spring to the mind; sometimes with choreographers less established like Michael Holmes (*Palisades*), Peter Darrell (*The Tell-Tale Heart*) and Jack Carter (*Ouverture*); and occasionally with complete newcomers such as Harry Cordwell (*Fantasm*) and Don Gillies (*The Golden Pear*). Each one of these ballets represented an attempt to create a work out of the ordinary, and some met with success.

Michael Charnley in his own Movimientos. *This was his first major work at Ballet Workshop through which he reached international fame.*



Right: Jack Carter's successful realisation of Proust, the first ballet to be based on this writer, in Ouverture. *Esteban Cerda is seen as The Man (Charles Swann) and Anna Lendrum as The Mother.* *Photos: Paul Wilson*

Yet really valuable experimental work is not likely to come until the venture can interest British choreographers of stature, and possibly their foreign counterparts, who of course would need to work with first-class dancers. Here, to my mind, we again touch on the Workshop's basic difficulty.

Working in a backwater

Ballet Workshop is trying to work, possibly through no fault of its own, in a backwater. Although it has a few points of contact with the Ballet Rambert, in the main it is too cut off from the central stream of British ballet. The problem is really a general one, British ballet is too diffuse to make its maximum effect. There is not enough co-operation between company and company, school and school. In the case of the Workshop this inability to become part of the general structure of British ballet could easily prove the eventual cause of its downfall.

Yet this begs the question—so what? Do we need new choreographers? On what lines could ballet experiments be conducted to ensure results that were neither pretentious nor boring? Could the Workshop give talented dancers the chance to mature? Could it act as a kind of safety valve to the creative impulses natural to the executant artist that might otherwise tend to get frustrated? Are the conditions it supplies preferable to those supplied by, say, the apparently dormant Sadler's Wells Choreographic Group? Does the present record of Ballet Workshop justify its continuance? Is Ballet Workshop, centred as it is at the Mercury Theatre, not forgetting the economic advantages this brings, on too small a scale for further development? Has the Workshop, taking into account its achievement, fulfilled its useful purpose and should it now be allowed to die quietly?

Another work by Jack Carter — Living Image. An all-Negro cast was used in this interesting interpretation of the Narcissus legend. This was originally created for television with John Gilpin and Nathalie Krassovska in the leading roles. Here, Valde Maré is seen as Echo with Harold Holness as Narcissus. The two Nymphs are Naida Lane and Diana Quisakay. Photo: Paul Wilson

Testing ground for major works

All these questions I want to leave with you, and we will try to publish a cross-section of any answers you might care to give. But I would like to make one final point. In the four years since the Workshop's creation, a number of ballets (such as *Reflection, The Great Detective, Alice in Wonderland, Carnival of the Animals,* and *Love Knots*) have been produced for major companies, which, in my opinion, could with profit have been given at least a preliminary trial run under the auspices of an organisation like Ballet Workshop. This, to me, is evidence that the Workshop is needed by British ballet, and also, unfortunately, evidence that it is not at the moment being used.

David Ellis, Director and founder of Ballet Workshop will reply to this article in the March issue. Other letters from readers will also be published if received in time.

SPEAK UP!

Letters from readers on matters arising from articles in *Dance and Dancers* are always welcome and will be published whenever space permits.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH JUNIOR?

Clive Barnes, our assistant Editor, replies to the letter of John Coast which was published in our January issue. Coast questioned some of the statements made by Barnes in his article *What's to be done with Junior?* (November 1954).

JOHN COAST points out that he and the ballet public love the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, so in case my affection should be in any doubt may I say that I too share this all-embracing grand passion. But love is not incompatible with constructive criticism. Coast's optimism makes cheering reading, but then in my original article I was at pains to point out the company's considerable achievements. The main difference between our two viewpoints appears to be that Mr. Coast regards the company as having attained complete independence; while I feel that this independence, vital to the company's useful continuance, is still in some grave doubt.

Graduation class for the dance

While it lacks a full-time director, a principal choreographer, a firmer artistic policy, an assurance that its better artists will not be constantly whisked off to the larger company at Covent Garden (this principle Mr. Coast appears to applaud), and as a corollary to this last, something approaching equal pay and equal status for the dancers of both companies—while it lacks all this I cannot feel that it is entirely self-dependent. In these circumstances an atmosphere of a "graduation class" must persist. My article was intended to indicate that such a "graduation class" was unnecessary.

Coast very justly raps me on the knuckles for stupidly omitting Aplvor and Gardiner from the list of contemporary composers used by the company. But as he seems to make such a point of the company's efforts on behalf of modern English music he may be interested to know that up to the end of March, 1954, out of nearly 5,000 performances of the company's various ballets and divertissements, those that had specially commissioned scores account for little more than 300 of the total.

Able director

Finally, I must protest that I in no way meant to be disparaging to Miss Van Praagh, or indeed to anyone else. Were a sole director to be appointed to the company she would be without question the most formidable, though not perhaps the only, contender for the job.

Tact prevented me from suggesting this, as references to personalities can so easily be misinterpreted and such suggestions often have the opposite result to that intended.

However, as the matter has been brought into the open let me say that Miss Van Praagh, with her experience of the Theatre Ballet and with Tudor's London Ballet, has proved herself a most able director, even though I would not wholeheartedly welcome the perpetuation of "petticoat rule" that British ballet appears to have taken as one of its traditions.

Clive Barnes

This correspondence is now closed

DANCE NOTATION

Two letters in answer to John Gregory's article *Getting it down* (November 1954) in which he brought up a case for the use of Dance Notation as a means of preserving ballets.

Serguéeff's secrecy caused misunderstanding

SIR—Owing to the fact that M. Serguéeff did, as Mr. Gregory rightly points out in his article in your November issue, guard his records with the utmost secrecy, this mass of material has not been examined by anyone save Miss Inglesby into whose possession it passed on Serguéeff's death. Due entirely to this secrecy, there are certain inaccuracies in Mr. Gregory's article.

The records use the Stepanov system in its entirety and are not merely notations based on or derived from this highly-ingenious method of recording dance-movement. The system is by no means extinct as Serguéeff's explained its broad principles to Miss Inglesby and her subsequent examination of the scores of the particular ballets which she knows so well, have satisfied her that not only the overall patterns but also detailed individual movements down to those of hands and fingers have been fully and clearly recorded.

Choreography scaled to company

Serguéeff reconstructed the four classics, *The Sleeping Princess, Swan Lake, Coppelia* and *Giselle* for both the Sadler's Wells Ballet and International Ballet and it is perfectly true that differences exist in the individual and group choreographies between the two companies. I must point out that Serguéeff worked for Sadler's Wells before the war when it was a smaller organisation and the ballets had then to be reproduced in accordance with the numbers of artists available. Since the war, Sadler's Wells has expanded and when these ballets were re-staged the company was without the benefit of Serguéeff's choreographic direction and had to rely on the memories of those who worked under him originally.

Varied variations

International Ballet had the advantage of Serguéeff's personal direction up to the time of his death and I cannot remember him rehearsing even an individual artist without constant reference to the appropriate choreographic script. Mr. Gregory cannot know of course that for many of the variations up to three different versions were recorded owing to the tendency in the Marinsky Theatre, so Serguéeff informed me, to suit variations to the personalities and talents of different artists.

It is perhaps regrettable that M. Serguéeff was so secretive about his immense knowledge and material. Now that the records are in Miss Inglesby's possession more information will be forthcoming about them from time to time; there is, nevertheless, no intention that they will ever become universally available.

E. G. DERRINGTON
79 Davies Street, W.1.

Labanotation is not so difficult

SIR—I hope many dancers will learn and not be discouraged by the difficulties which John Gregory (in his article in your November issue) implied are inherent in the study of Laban's movement notation. I do not agree that it is easier learned when young. I, though by no means an expert, am reasonably proficient and learned it in less than seven months, taking two lessons weekly. When I attended the course at the Sigurd Leeder School, none of the other students was under 18.

It is a much simpler subject that the appearance of a dance-score, as illustrated in the article, suggests.

Local pioneers passed over

It seems somewhat eccentric that the Sadler's Wells Ballet should engage a representative of the New York Bureau of Dance Notation to teach this subject when there are so many pioneers of this system resident in this country. The Wells is not alone in its ignorance of the possibilities of learning Notation in England. When I attended the above course there was only one student from Great Britain and she a native of Jersey. The rest came from all over the world. In the present course there is no student from the United Kingdom!

HENRY HAYTHORNE
31 Weyman Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

RINALDO AND ARMIDA

First given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on January 6. Choreography, Frederick Ashton. Music Malcolm Arnold. Scenery and costumes, Peter Rice.

CAST

Rinaldo, a warrior	MICHAEL SOMES
Armida, an enchantress	SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
Sibilla, a sorceress	JULIA FARRON
Gandolfo, Rinaldo's companion	RONALD HYND

Photos: Angus McBean

Gandolfo, Rinaldo's companion, returns and tries to get Rinaldo to leave Armida. But by this time Rinaldo is so enchanted by Armida that nothing will draw him away. Not until Armida dies from surrendering to his love, does Rinaldo finally leave the garden in terror

Svetlana Beriosovo and Michael Somes on the ground. In the background are Ronald Hynd and Julia Farron.

STORY

ARMIDA, the enchanted, lures her victims to her sinister garden. Bewitched, she may only return their love at the price of death; if she does not return their love, they die. Rinaldo drawn into her domain falls a victim to her spell. Sibilla warns Armida that, if she returns Rinaldo's love, his kiss will cause her death; unheeding, she surrenders to his love and dies in his arms. A storm breaks — Rinaldo flees in terror.

CHOREOGRAPHY

OVER the centuries the works of Tasso have, for some reason, formed the basis for many ballets, but Ashton's new work is hardly one of them. *Rinaldo and Armida* takes little more from the poet's *Gerusalemme Liberata* than the pretty names for its characters, and any spectator gulled by the ballet's title into anticipating a modern resurrection of the glories of Tasso's epic heroics must have been puzzled if not actually disappointed.

The new ballet is set during a chill, black autumn in a timeless Ruritania. Its action is dangerously locked within the hearts of its actors, and dancers have not the facility given to dramatic actors, for opening out their hearts to the audience, dance and gesture being less literal means of communication than speech. The stage action of a meeting, a *pas de deux*, a death and an escape, is meaningless if the underlying emotional motives are not made clear.

No sub-plot surrounds Ashton's narrative, which is as bare as a leafless wood. Variety of incident, character and place has been discarded and the choreographer has staked all on being able to make expressive in dance the theme of an enchantress enchanted.

Much of the success or failure of a work like this, utilising as it does the means and ends of a lyric rather than an epic, will depend on atmosphere, and a ballet's atmosphere is most tellingly conveyed by elements other than its choreography, which are outside the scope of this note. But, after a first performance which left me mildly favourably disposed yet generally nonplussed, further opportunities to see the work revealed the choreography as possessing great qualities of poetry, sensitivity and expression.

The ballet's core is in three linked *pas de deux*. It is like a duel in which each contestant has a second, Gandolfo in the case of Rinaldo, and Sibilla in the case of Armida. The three *pas de deux* are split up by the intervention of the " seconds," and each represents a phase in the story's development. At first Armida is the ice-cold seductress of legend, later she is faltering, finally yielding.

The choreography is slow-paced, *adagio* rather than *allegro*, which explains why some people, whose eyes like those of rabbits can only distinguish sudden movement, have complained of its paucity. The various *pas de deux* with their abundance of lifts and comparative economy of supported point-work are typically Ashtonian, and frequently contain considerable subtlety. The hands of the lovers searching tremblingly for contact, or, at the first meeting, the apparently vice-like grip with which Armida holds the helpless Rinaldo, are but two instances of Ashton's descriptive skill.

The mounting passions of the dance are particularly well conveyed by three lifts spaced out through the work. The preparation for each lift is the same, Rinaldo turns to face Armida and holds up his arms. Armida approaches from the front left of the stage. In the first lift she jumps at him and sinks to the ground, in the second she clings to his neck, in the third, at the climax of their love, she rises high on his shoulder. A simple device, as are all the best choreographic conceptions.

The ballet as a whole is structurally unsound. Sibilla's tantrums in the mists at the beginning are simply an evocation of atmosphere, which is misleading when one is looking for a narrative. After the death of Armida interest flags, and the escape of Rinaldo is poor theatre. His suicide would have been less ironically clever but far more effective.

The ballet, despite its concise excellence, is remarkably short and rather slight. Personally I would have found it more satisfying had it formed an episode in a longer ballet about the various loves of Rinaldo, constructed something on the lines of *The Tales of Hoffman*—a series of *exempla* on the text of Love.

DANCING

TO develop from a sphinx-like enchantress into a young girl in love within the passage of a few moments is a formidable task. It taxed Beriosova no more than did the technically undemanding choreography. The horrifying heartlessness of her seductress and her frightened ardour as love rushes her pell-mell to destruction, show unmistakably an actress of the first order.

Rinaldo comes in on the scene like a terrier on the scent, and throughout the work he pursues with dogged persistence the object of his call. He is a circumstance in Armida's life, not a character on his own account. Somes put up a brave display of manly zeal, but failed to give the work the shading which

This photograph gives some idea of Peter Rice's black and white setting with Armida's gazebo on the right. At the end of the ballet a black wall grew up at the back. The Enchantress and Sorceress are seen trying to stop the two soldiers from leaving the garden.

it lacked. Had he but alternated an expression of tenderness with his consistent eagerness, one feels that another track of Rinaldo's mind might have been opened. He partnered well.

Julia Farron and Ronald Hynd, the first as a younger version of Madge the Hag, the second as a cousin to Benno and Wilfred, did all that was required of them with accomplishment.

Clive Barnes

MUSIC

ALTHOUGH Malcolm Arnold's carefully contrived music would mean even less away from the ballet and has almost certainly been written in close collaboration with the choreographer, it gives me a strong impression of having taken its own course.

The story offers ample opportunity for grand-scale lyrical as well as dramatic writing ; but whereas Ashton has treated the theme with finely drawn tension and delicacy, Arnold's music cancels itself out by its over-emphatic persistence. Climax piled upon climax with little or no sense of repose results in anti-climax and no elucidation of the ballet's rather complex emotional scheme. One admires in detachment the skilful eclecticism and ingenuity of Arnold's effects in much the same way as was the case with his score for *Homage to the Queen*. But here the music accompanies the action without convincingly becoming part of it and consequently the imagination is not gripped.

The score lends an unreal, lurid quality to the ballet, but conjures up a different, more brightly lit and colourful world than that of Rice's setting which needed, I feel, music of a more exquisitely worked witchery of texture in the Gallic tradition.

The orchestration makes great play with harp and glockenspiel and is dominated by brass and woodwind. Except for the somewhat timid string writing (still Arnold's most evident weakness), the score shows a confident assurance.

David Hunt

DECOR

THE all black and white production is a conceit that pops-up from time to time in the theatre. I can remember a production of *The Importance of being Ernest*, of *Twelfth Night*, not to mention innumerable presentations of Wilde's *Salome* which failed dismally in their attempt at recapturing the magic of Beardsley. The most successful black and white manifestations have been Ashton's *Les Masques* designed by Sophie Fedorovitch (to whose memory this ballet is dedicated) and the enchanting silhouette films of Lotte Reineger.

Although on the face of it a production of this kind might appear easy, it in fact needs a great master of stagecraft and composition. The distribution of masses becomes a great problem particularly when faced with a stage the size of Covent Garden. If the masses are solid, the production becomes unbearably heavy, if the masses are broken up like filigree it becomes distracting. The problem is more acute when, as in the present case, the ballet is little more than a *pas de deux* when all concentration should be on two people.

Faced with a ballet of this kind, the designer who knows his craft will grade his tones so that the two figures are more or less spotlighted. It should be done in such a way that the audience is unaware of the fact that this is what has been done. But if, as in this case, only black and white is used without any of the intermediate tones, then any attempt to highlight the dancers obviously becomes impossible.

The designer of *Rinaldo and Armida*, Peter Rice, had been partially successful in overcoming the hazards of such a production. He opens the work on a drop curtain of severely martialled trees which immediately gives the impression that the designing is going to be symmetrical ; it eventually turns out not to be so. The gradual fade-in when the sorceress Sibilla and Armida in her gazebo appear to materialise in a forest, is highly successful and constitutes the most satisfactory pictorial aspect of the ballet. Rice has wisely kept his white backcloth as uncluttered as possible, even so he has not been able to escape formless masses of black on each side of the stage. The result is that Armida's gazebo never really stands out and its white flowers and decoration are not firm enough to give it a definite form.

Throughout the work, dead black leaves fall from trees that look as though they have long shed all their leaves. This device which creates such profound melancholy in the last act of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, does not in the present instance evoke quite the same mood. The rising wall at the end, through which Rinaldo unaccountably breaks as if it were merely tissue paper, and the use of coils of fog (an effect which Covent Garden has done to death) only tend to over-elaborate a ballet which scarcely needs such trappings. On the opening night, the fog got quite out of hand and billowed out over the audience. Those sitting on the right hand side of the theatre saw little of the final moments of the ballet. This lack of discipline on the part of Covent Garden's home-made smog once ruined an act for the Royal Danish Ballet.

Beriosova's white costume, decorated with black leaves, is charming and suits her to perfection. I liked also the grey and black costume for Julia Farron. It, together with Armida's red rose, introduced a welcome relief from the stark black and white. Somes's uniform (he is supposed to be a soldier returning from the wars) did not suit him. At moments it was impossible to see him against the setting and when one did it only brought one face to face with the fact that trousers are seldom the ideal garb for a male dancer ; it is so much better to trick-up a pair of black tights.

Nevertheless taken all round the designing does create an interesting effect even if it falls short of expectations. It will need careful placing in programmes and should always be in juxtaposition to highly coloured works. The impact will be completely lost if it is placed anywhere near a ballet such as *Les Sylphides*.

Peter Williams

Michael Somes and Svetlana Beriosova in the pas de deux *in which her fatal love suddenly becomes a real thing. At the end, in spite of Sibilla's warning, Armida surrenders to Rinaldo's love and kisses him which results in her death. The way in which she gradually warms to his love is most subtly conveyed in Ashton's choreography.*

VARIATIONS ON A THEME OF PURCELL

First given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on January 6. Choreography, Frederick Ashton. Music, Benjamin Britten. Scenery and costumes, Peter Snow.

CAST

ELAINE FIFIELD NADIA NERINA ROWENA JACKSON
ALEXANDER GRANT
DAVID BLAIR MICHAEL BOULTON PHILIP CHATFIELD
RONALD HYND GARY BURNE RONALD PLAISTED
CATHERINE BOULTON SHIRLEY CAMP
DEIRDRE DIXON MERIEL EVANS CYNTHIA MAYAN
MARGARET MERCER MERLE PARK JUDITH SINCLAIR
BRENDA TAYLOR VALERIE TAYLOR ANGELA WALTON
DOROTHEA ZAYMES

" If you have a voice sing: if soft arms dance—and with whatever gifts you have for pleasing—please !" OVID

The three ballerinas — Nadia Nerina, Elaine Fifield and Rowena Jackson—in a pas de trois *in which they become involved with Alexander Grant.*

CHOREOGRAPHY

PERHAPS it was the success of *Homage to the Queen* that led Ashton to provide it so soon with a sequel; perhaps it was merely a praiseworthy desire to give roles to some of the company's young hopefuls; perhaps it was a mistaken assessment of the choreographic possibilities of Britten's functionally inspired *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*. From wherever the inspiration for this ballet came, it came unhappily.

Variations on a Theme of Purcell is distressingly competent, and while I will hopefully applaud competence from Tom, Dick or Harry, never for one moment will I support it from Ashton.

The choreography seems painstakingly clever, like the sparkling repartee of sober consideration, but to what ends? It is nothing more than a *divertissement* without a theme, or else, as I suspect, with a theme so badly bungled as to be sunk in variations. Was it intended to be a modern version of a 17th-century assembly, to parallel Britten's contemporary variations on Purcell's music?

If such be the case, and the parading introduction might suggest so, it failed. One is left with the dances of a gaggle of ladies and their gallants, led by a negro page who appears to have crept out of *Der Rosenkavalier*, who dance with no evident cause, to no apparent purpose. I am not opposed to plotless ballet, far from it, but this appears to be not only plotless but nigh-on emotionless.

The choreographic details, for reasons which will be apparent later, are not easy to criticise. A clarinet solo for Miss Jackson, a *pas de trois* for Ashton's three especial graces, even a *pas de six* for the boys, seemed particularly pleasant, and throughout Ashton has maintained a high if not stratospheric standard. For all to see are the bare bones (perhaps bare is not here appropriate) of what could have been a delightful ballet, but bones are not flesh. If they were, the skeleton in the cupboard could sit in the front parlour.

Ashton has engagingly prefaced his work with an almost disarming quotation from Ovid. Still armed to the hilt let me offer him in return another quotation from the same poet : " The thing I seek is myself, my plenty makes me poor."

DANCING

LET us be fair. All occasions appeared to conspire against Ashton with this ballet. Two of these occasions are the concern of my colleagues, the last, the performance is mine. The dancing did not look particularly well rehearsed.

None of the three fair contestants for ballet's ultimate laurels, Elaine Fifield, Rowena Jackson and Nadia Nerina, daringly offered in this for immediate comparison, can be said to have shortened her odds with the Crush Bar bookmakers. Personally, although on the first night she tended to introduce solos into the various *pas de trois*, I thought the compact dancing of Fifield slightly had the best of it.

Grant, given choreography less virile than is his due, produced a performance worthy of the company and his reputation, a circumstance as unique as it was rewarding. Whether bouncing up and down like an india-rubber ball, leaping around the stage like an impression of Shaw in *Homage*, or irrelevantly appearing to parody another well-known dancer in someone's *Bolero*, or merely doing a soft-shoe shuffle minstrel act, he stole a show that was never very carefully guarded.

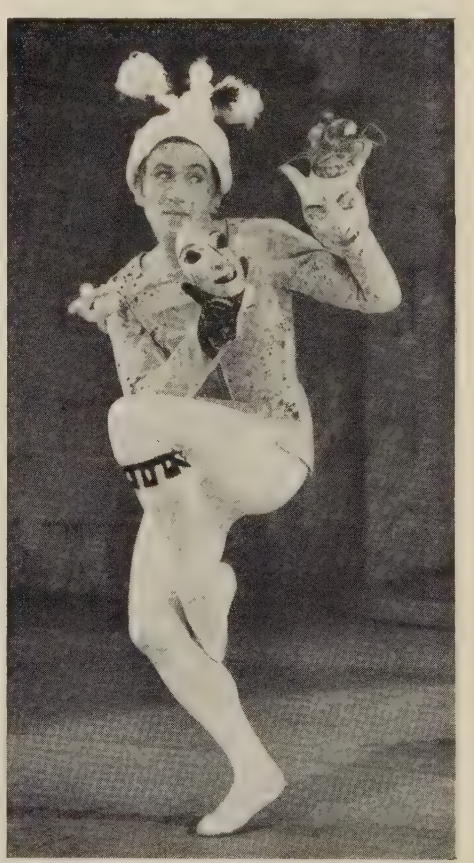
The dancers might have a justifiable complaint that Ashton's fondness for synchronisation and timing makes passages of his choreography for the *ensemble* extremely difficult. But this cannot altogether excuse the *pas de six* for the boys which, on the first night at least, was deplorably ragged. The girls were only slightly better. One feels that if the company rehearsed the ballet solidly for a week or more " the gifts they have for pleasing " would stand a far better chance. **Clive Barnes**

MUSIC

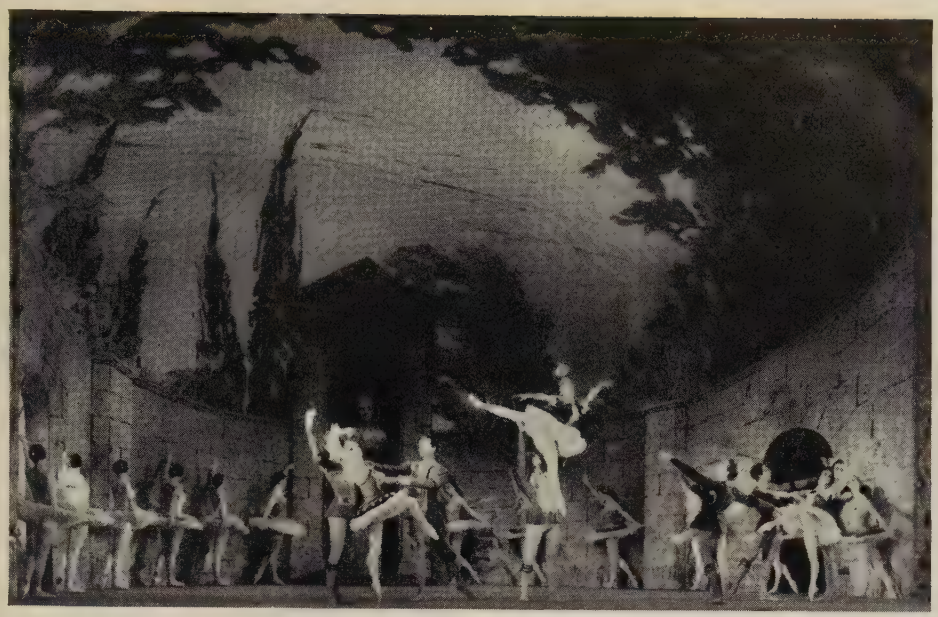
ON the stage, as the focal point of the ballet's chocolate-box setting, a bust of Purcell to do honour to the inventor of the great rich theme (from a rondeau in the incidental music to Behn's play, *Abdelazer*). In the pit, a dull, perfunctory performance which does honour to nobody, of the brilliant orchestral variations by Benjamin Britten, the ballet's real composer.

Better known by its original title, *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*, the music was written in 1946 as accompaniment to a film illustrating the make-up of the modern symphony orchestra but is nowadays more often given the title, *Variations on a Theme of Purcell*, borrowed by Ashton for his splendid little ballet.

Britten introduces the instruments, first individually, then in sections, in writing that



Alexander Grant as the principal male dancer whose role appears to be many-faced—part host to the assembly, and part clown.



A full stage picture showing Peter Snow's designs. The dancing area was orginally small owing to the fact that it was intended to be a ballet for a few people. It appeared very cramped on the opening night and, at times, impeded the dancing; since then the area has been increased.

Nerina is seen in one of the many interesting lifts in which the ballet abounds.

exploits the timbre and technical possibilities of each. But the work is more than a virtuoso orchestral show-piece and its musical worth is well set off by the aptness and sensibility of Ashton's choreography.

The proud carriage of the melody is given perfect visual translation in the stately processionals that frame the various solos and ensembles. The dance " orchestration " closely follows the density and character of the scoring and the wit and lyricism of succeeding musical variations has been equally well matched by the choreographer.

Ashton seems to have toyed with the idea of casting dancers as particular instruments—thus Nerina, Fifield, Jackson and Grant have respective solos as flute, oboe, clarinet and percussion—but the idea is not pushed to its unworkable conclusions.

The only glaring discrepancy between movement and music is in the final fugal section where lines of dancers performing identical steps do not coalesce into the melée of ordered complexity which the music clearly called for at this point.

David Hunt

THE environments in which abstract ballets can be danced are almost unlimited—palaces, landscapes, seascapes, stratosphere, railway stations, the list could go on for ever. The only essential factor being that, as ballets of this kind are created to show the dance, the setting must not at any moment obscure the pattern of the choreography.

It is, of course, a great advantage if the designing can be attractive at the same time and such subjects, or lack of subject, offer enormous scope to the designer. It is a curious fact that greater consideration is not given to the designing of such works; this is one of the chief faults of the ballets of George Balanchine. In England Sophie Fedorovitch has been the only person to bring great distinction to abstract works.

It was distressing, therefore, to find in Peter Snow's designs a setting of the utmost banality —a semicircular garden wall built for the purpose of surrounding an unconvincing bust of Purcell—and costumes of muddied colur and muddled design ; all of which made it impossible to make out just how good Ashton's choreography really was.

The orange blaze of sky gave the impression that the leaves which had been dropping continuously through the previous ballet, *Rinaldo and Armida*, were being burned up in a gigantic bonfire behind the garden wall. This particular shade of orange was of the kind that kills any other colour near it. The result was that none of the costumes appeared to have any colour at all, though close inspection revealed that actually they were quite a pastel patchwork of bits and pieces. The musical suggestion in each costume was so indefinite as to accentuate this hotch-potch. Only Grant's orange and mauve jerkin and beplumed hat projected at all.

At the beginning and end of the ballet, the boys wore black berets with that lack of air that always seems to be noticeable in a municipal pageant. The girls with tufts of feathers on the top of their heads looked like astonished artichokes.

The painting of the encircling wall appeared to be very crude and the suggestion of sparse moss or ivy together with the suggestion of trees on the backcloth only added to the amateurishness of it all.

As in DANCE AND DANCERS we do all in our power to encourage the work of young artists in all branches of the art of ballet, the above remarks may seem harsh. But the stage of Covent Garden has come to represent something very important in the world and on it people expect the best that there is to offer. There are other places where the untried can be given a chance. This present display only underlines and adds credence to the uncomplimentary remarks of the French critics about British design when the Sadler's Wells Ballet recently appeared at the Paris Opéra.

Peter Williams

A MYSTERY NO LONGER

IN your issue of December you pose the question: " What has happened to the London Archives of the Dance?" Permit me to inform you that the collection, still intact, received a valuable accession in the form of the fine Dance Library which our late Chairman, the much lamented Lionel Bradley, so generously bequeathed to the " Archives." Some of these books were loaned to the Diaghilev Exhibition at Edinburgh and at London.

Unfortunately, our accumulated funds still fall far short of the capital we deem essential, hence we are still unable to house the collection and make it available to those desirous of consulting it. We have approached, during the last few years, more than one semi-government organisation which might be thought eager to help such a laudable project, but while interest has been expressed, material aid has not so far been forthcoming.

No one is more anxious than we are to see the Archives fulfil the purpose for which it was established, moreover the cost of storage has to be met. But it would manifestly be unwise to take premises or even rooms, unless the cost of housing and the expenses of a small staff could be met.

It is a sad reflection that while both Paris and New York possess admirably equipped centres of reference for dance students, London, now regarded as the world centre of Dance, still lacks a Dance Archives, solely for want of sufficient financial support. We are in urgent need of funds. Donations of any denomination will be most welcome, and should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Barbara Sullivan, 5 Montana Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20.

Cyril W. Beamont—(*President of The London Archives*)

The work opens and closes with a formal procession with Alexander Grant greeting and bidding farewell to the assembled company. The costumes, in the opening, and closing sections when Purcell's theme (upon which Britten's variations are based) is heard, are different to the costumes for the "variations" part of the ballet. The addition of a farthingale effect in the skirts with lengthy trains together with velvet hats for the boys is presumably intended to give an indication of Purcell's period.

curtain up!

Margot Fonteyn cuts the Christmas cake at the party given by R.A.D. students of the Teacher's Training Course at Fairfield Lodge. She is seen with Sheila Allen, one of the advanced students and hostess.

Fonteyn, who succeeds Dame Adeline Genée as President of the Royal Academy of Dancing, led the guests and hostesses in non-stop games and competitions. In the end she won a prize, together with Arnold Haskell, for the treasure hunt.

Photo: Paul Wilson

FATHER OF AMERICAN DESIGN

DURING 1954, this column has had to record the death of several famous designers, particularly in France. At the end of the year the death of the famous American designer—Robert Edmond Jones—was announced.

His work was practically unknown in England except for the reproductions of his work in *Anna Christie* and *Lute Song* and, of course, the reproductions of designs in books. As far as ballet is concerned he will always be remembered as being the first and only American to design for the Diaghilev ballet. This came about during the first world war when Diaghilev remained in Europe while his company went to the States. Nijinsky commissioned Jones to design his ballet *Til Eulenspiegel*. The work appears to have impressed all who saw it, but was never given outside America.

Away from ballet Jones is generally considered to be the father of American theatre design. His wonderful use of colour and shape, his accent on simplicity brought an entirely new conception to theatre design in the early years of this century. His influence can still be seen to this day in the work of the many fine designers that America has since produced.

CUPIDS DARTS AGAIN

BUT if we have had sadly to record these deaths, we have also been happy to record a number of marriages. Cupid worked overtime in 1954. In the final month of the year Joan Harris and Alan Carter were married in Munich. Both will be remembered for their work with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, the St. James Ballet and on several films.

Then, two days before the end of December Renée (Zizi) Jeanmaire and Roland Petit were married quitely outside Paris. Jeanmaire, a former star of Petit's company, left some time ago to star in films and musical comedy in America. Lately it has been announced that she will appear again at the Paris Opéra, where she started her career; but her performances there, if they materialise, are likely to be as a guest star only. There are rumours that she and Petit are to appear together in a big musical show.

Every happiness to both these couples.

SECRET AMBITION OF THE DAME?

AT last we feel we have penetrated Dame Ninette de Valois' secret ambition. Not content with currently presenting four ballerinas in *Le Lac des Cygnes* at Covent Garden, she has lent no less than three guest artists to dance this ballet abroad in the past month or two.

First Grey in Helsinki, then Elvin in Copenhagen, finally Beriosova in Belgrade where she danced the full-length ballet for the first time.

What else can all this be leading up to other than to achieve a ballet hat-trick—three ballerinas dancing the same role in three different capitals on the same night! It's bound to happen.

YOUNG TALENT BUSTIN' OUT

YOUNG talent is just bustin' out all over. Malcolm Goddard, formerly of Festival Ballet, came from dancing with Anna Neagle in the film *Lilacs in Spring* to partner Alicia Markova in the ballet by John Taras in *Where the Rainbow Ends*. During the run of this play he also set the choreography for a revue, *Blame it on Adam*, at the New Lindsay Theatre.

Gilbert Vernon of the Wells Theatre Ballet, was the choreographer to another of London's club theatres, the New Watergate, for their satirical pantomime *Arabian Nightmare*. While Denys Palmer, late of International Ballet and now in *Can-Can*, has done the choreography for the Players' Theatre pantomime—*The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*.

Meanwhile Michael Manuel, stage manager of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, is associated with yet another revue. He designed the settings for a ballet sequence in *Pay the Piper*.

AMERICAN BALLET COMES OF AGE

SO now American ballet has come of age! The history of classical ballet as a native form of art in the United States, and not as an exotic entertainment, may be said to date from the founding of the School of American Ballet which first opened its doors 21 years ago, on January 2, 1934.

All the companies run since then by Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine, founders of the school, have been based on dancers trained there; and most of the best native American choreographers, as well as many fine dancers, have graduated from its classrooms. If the next twenty-one years are as propitious and eventful as the last, then ballet across America has little to fear from the future.

TOGETHER AGAIN BUT NOT TO DANCE

JUST like old times! Under the shadow of the LCC's big Christmas tree facing the Festival Hall were the posters. On them, two names stood out printed side by side—Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin. Their

It's bound to happen— that somebody will get their feet and hands mixed up in Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial.*

Drawn by Peter Revitt

At the party given by the Sadler's Wells management to the ballet and opera artists of the Sadler's Wells Theatre in the Wells Room on January 8. L. to R.: Johaar Mosaval (who was 25 that day), Elaine Thomas, Yvonne Lakies, Madeleine White.

More Sadler's Wells dancers at the party: Ian Murray, Jane Scrage-Dickens (wardrobe mistress) and Donald McCleary. Photos: Even Senior

careers will separate again after the run of *Where the Rainbow Ends* (not that they can actually be said to have been together in this production) but there seems a chance that Markova may appear with Festival Ballet as a guest artist in the summer. Alexandra Danilova also is not at all unlikely to appear during this same season.

BALLET MAKES TENNIS STARS

"AUSTRALIAN tennis boss reveals ballet secret" ran the headline. 'Little Mo' Connolly had remarked in New York that ballet lessons were wonderful for balance and poise. Australian tennis players wise-cracked their way out of comment; other American players were contemptuous of any suggestion that ballet excercises might help their play. Then came the pay-off—a statement by the Australian Davis Cup team manager that his players were already doing such excerises.

No news yet of a Sadler's Wells tennis team to play the Australians, but perhaps it would not be a bad idea.

THE RETURN OF TCHERINA

LUDMILLA TCHERINA first became known in England in 1946 when she appeared with Lifar's Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo at the Cambridge Theatre. In recent years, however, her appearances have been mainly in films including an important role in *The Tales of Hoffmann.*

Now she is to return to the stage, having accepted an invitation to appear for a season as *danseuse étoile* at the New York Metropolitan Opera.

Ballet at the "Met" is beginning to assume a more important role than it has for many years and choreographer Zachary Solov (who persuaded Markova to appear in *Fledermaus* last year and *Orphée* in 1955) appears to be continuing that rise in importance.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

KARSAVINA and Nellie Wallace? Nijinsky and Little Tich? What connection have they with each other? What kind of souvenir book, one might wonder, could unite Adeline Genée and the Diaghilev Ballet with Caruso, Sara Bernhardt and George Robey? Such a book has just been published to commemorate the golden jubilee of the London Coliseum.

This great theatre has seen much ballet, in fact almost every famous name in the world of the dance must have appeared on that huge revolving stage between the time that the theatre opened and the early 'thirties. Since then it has been given over to large-scale musical plays though the last ballet season there was given by International Ballet some years ago. There is still a remote connection with classical ballet since the Coliseum was built by Sir Oswald Stoll and thus has connections with the theatre that bears his name which has recently become the home of visiting foreign ballet companies.

MARKOVA SAID THIS

WHEN speaking to the London Ballet Circle, Alicia Markova said, "Ballet dancers don't read enough of the right kind of literature—they read too many film magazines." Nevertheless Hansom Books can cater for all tastes.

Dancer you will know

PATRICK HURDE

Born at Taunton, Somerset. Trained at the Sadler's Wells School. Walked on in operas and ballets at Covent Garden. Joined the Theatre Ballet in 1953. Called up for military training in 1954.

Creations: Lame Cyclist in Café des Sports. *Principal roles: Bootface in* The Lady and the Fool; *Scherzo and (not in London) Prelude in* Carte Blanche; *(for Coven' Garden Opera) Morris Dancer in Britten's* Gloriana.

Right: Hurde, in the foreground, as one of the Cyclists in Rodrigues' Café des Sports. *As the Cyclist who goes lame, Hurde had a great personal success in this ballet.*
Photo: Denis de Marney

PATRICK HURDE should really be called a *Dancer you will one day know* as he has just been conscripted into the Armed Forces. In the circumstances this is more in the nature of a valediction than a prophecy.

Our attention was first drawn to him by a performance of the opera *Gloriana* at Covent Garden. Although the programme claimed that the very able dancer on the stage was, as was usual, Johaar Mosaval, it obviously was not, and enquiry elicited the name David Higgins.

Later that year Higgins (now called Patrick Hurde) turned up with the Theatre Ballet, and was soon doing another stand-in job for Mosaval, this time in *The Lady and the Fool.* To follow in the elusive footsteps of such an individual artist as Mosaval is one of the least enviable tasks in ballet. Yet Hurde has aquitted himself remarkably well, dancing with plenty of vigour and bounce, and revealing a pleasant stage personality. He has a fairly strong technique and in the *corps de ballet* of *Pineapple Poll* he shows, beneath a luxuriant beard which looks really too good to be true, plenty of enthusiasm. After his season *en représentation* with Her Majesty's Government, he should on his return be able to establish himself as a valued soloist.

happy birthday to...

		Feb.
Maryon Lane	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	15
Richard Ellis	Teaching in America	19
Gerd Larsen	Sadler's Wells Ballet	19
Wolfgang Brunner	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	22
Alexander Grant	Sadler's Wells Ballet	22
Marguerite Stefan	Continental Ballet	23
Solange Golovina	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	24
Robert Hanlin	Ballet Theatre	26
Todd Bolender	New York City Ballet	27
Yvonne Cartier	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	27
Grace Greenway	Teaching	27
Mireille Le Febre	In Cabaret in America	27
Brooks Jackson	New York City Ballet	28
Malcolm Hughes		28
		Mar.
Anthony Burke	Teaching	1
Pearl Gaden		2
Monique Boam	Continental Ballet	3
Josephine Spreckley		3
Dorthea Zaymes	Sadler's Wells Ballet	6

DIAGHILEV REUNION

Madame Rambert, who was brought in by Diaghilev to teach Nijinsky Dalcroze Eurythmics, talking earnestly to Lydia Sokolova, the first British ballerina of the Diaghilev Ballet.

As the evening wore on the party got less formal. Alicia Markova, Sokolova, Serge Lifar, Madame Evina and Richard Buckle (organiser of the Diaghilev Exhibition).

The hostess, Tamara Karsavina talks to Frederick Ashton and Lady Juliet Duff whose mother, The Marchioness of Ripon, was mainly responsible for the Diaghilev Ballet coming to London.

Madame Rambert points out the truth of her statement (in the January Dance and Dancers) that Markova can "eat like a mortal and dance like an immortal." Maude Lloyde watches.

After supper the guests filed out and Stanislas Idzikowsky danced with Sir Malcolm Sargent to the strains of the *Sleeping Beauty* waltz.

Idzikowsky's first partner was Serge Lifar from whom Idzikowsky was taken by Sargent.

At Forbes House on December 20, Tamara Karsavina was hostess at a party given by *The Observer* for all available dancers of the Diaghilev Ballet and others who were associated with his company.

Dinner and dancing over, the members of Diaghilev's company settle down to a formal group surrounding the death-mask of Diaghilev and in front of the wall devoted to portraits of the great man.

L. to R. standing: Serge Grigorieff, Madame Evina, Anton Dolin, Serge Lifar, Lady Juliet Duff, Stanislas Idzikowsky, Madame Rambert. Sitting: Liubov Tchernicheva, Tamara Karsavina, Lydia Sokolova, Vera Savina. Alicia Markova, the baby of the Diaghilev Ballet, is seated on the floor.

The Diaghilev Exhibition at Forbes House, where this party was held, has broken all records and been extended two months longer than originally scheduled.

All Photos: Reflex

The Dance for Life

by FRANK C. STUART

(continued from Page 11)

The Weather Control dancers have an even more delicate task: they must fill the mountain crevices with snow to provide a green spring and also protect men and beasts from the fierce blizzards and freezing weather.

Spring calls for a whole series of fertility rites culminating around planting time. When the roots of the maize plants have taken firm hold, there is the Green Corn Dance; and throughout the growing season Pueblo life is punctuated by Rain and Protective Dances. The Hopis in Arizona call for rain in their famous Snake Dance, when members of the serpent clan dance in the afternoon with snakes in their mouths and, just before sunset, race into the desert to deposit the reptiles where they collected them. The snakes return to the underground bearing the message for rain.

Towards late August or early September there is the Yellow Corn Dance or Harvest Dance, which may have a hundred or more participants. It is a colourful display of Indian artistry and pageantry at its gayest and most symbolic. It is a prayer for the final maturing of the crop and a dance of overall thanksgiving for the gift of corn, which has been the Indian's mainstay from time immemorial.

The harvest season will centre around the Thanksgiving Dances. The Basket Dance is one of the most beautiful: women in lovely, hand-woven black or white ceremonial robes in long lines symbolically grinding maize. They make a steady, rasping sound with deer horn plectra rubbed against a knotched stick. They offer baskets of fruit, corn and peppers back to the gods and, since they are the very embodiment of fertility and fructification, this is one occasion when women might be said to occupy, or at least share, the centre of attraction.

But, from the point of view of native American "theatre," of wonderful costumes and mime, the best dance of the year in many villages is the Ceremony of the Many-Horned Animals, which occurs in the late autumn or early winter. All the animals friendly to the Indian, and which provide him with food and warmth during the cold months, are represented: bison (or buffalo), mountain goat, sheep, elk and deer. Although the buffalo disappeared from the Great Plains in the 1880s his memory is still honoured by the Indian; indeed, his great shaggy, lumbering bulk has come to symbolise the majesty and spirit of the hunt in general, and accounts of his prowess form the kernel of many stories. When the Spanish *conquistadores* penetrated his corner of the New World in the 1540s they could only liken his numbers to the fish in the sea.

At the village of San Felipe the play opens shortly after dawn when a beautiful brown-skinned girl runs swiftly into the mountains behind the village. She is the embodiment of the "mother spirit" of animals and goes to lure the animal actors into the plaza. Young men, carrying rifles, bows and arrows, follow close behind her —the hunters. There is a restless interval of 15 or 20 minutes. Then the "beasts" come toss their massive, brown headpieces, their sharp, black eyes seeking a break in the line of spectators. The deer and elk performers gambol furtively on slim, wooden forelegs tufted at the centre with eagle down. There is applause from the onlookers. The Pueblo Indian is a born impersonator and adapts himself to his role as easily as he slips into a new costume. This day he is more animal than human; his performance is absolutely convincing, at times strangely discomforting. The "beasts" are driven by the hunters into the *kiva* for a secret rite and the plaza is returned to a buzzing, expectant, quasi-silence.

The rite over, the animals re-emerge and the drama gets under way in earnest. The Buffalo roll like ships in a heavy sea, now pawing like *toros* in the *corrida,* now scratching for a sprig of *mesquite,* or desert grass, now flicking the perspiration from their broad backs, now charging the watchers—who flinch but do not move. They know that the "animals" are charmed and cannot trespass beyond the boundary of the dance plaza. Alongside the buffalo dances the Buffalo Maiden, with slow lovely feminine steps. She carries a wand in one hand to which feathers, evergreen sprigs and animal hoofs are attached.

The dance continues until near sundown. Then everyone starts to the "crack, crack, crack" of rifle shots which echo and re-echo in the arroyos beyond the river. The animals jerk their necks in fear and make helter-skelter for the hills. But, the hunters are in hot pursuit. They take careful aim and shoot them down. They lie inert, "dead." Rewarded with branches of blue spruce, the victorious hunters sling the carcasses over their shoulders and disappear below ground into the *kiva.*

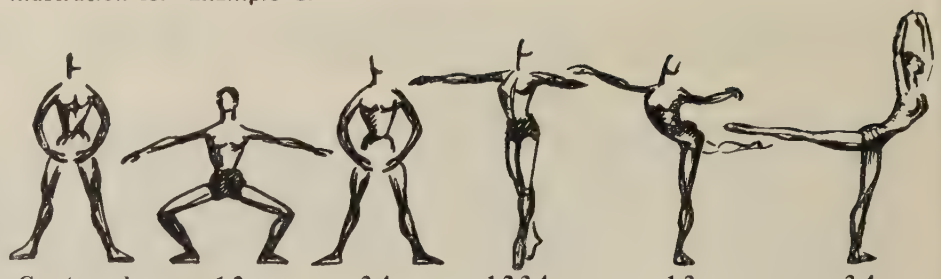
STEPS OF THE DANCE 17

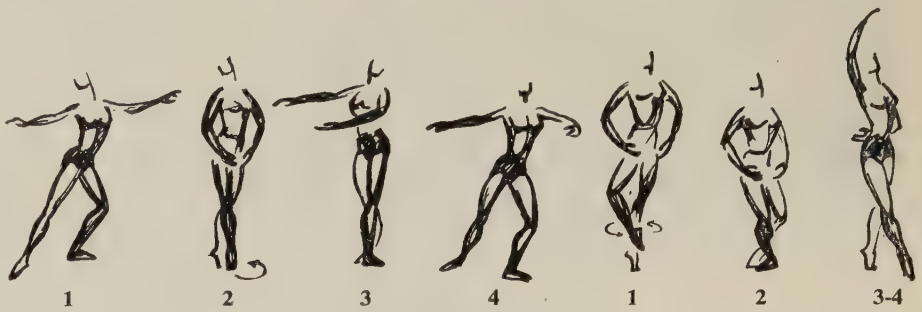
by

BARBARA VERNON and JOHN GREGORY

Illustrated by EILEAN PEARCEY

Illustration 35. Example C.





Adage enchaînement

Centre-work: The Adage cont.:

First Study (Two more *enchaînements* using typical movements of *Adage*. *Not* set exercises).

Example C. (See Illustration No. 35). Stand in 2nd position *en face;* arms in 1st position. *Plié* in 2nd position, arms to 4th position, rise to flat feet, lowering arms to 1st position. Step back on *demies-pointes* to 4th position, opening arms through 2nd to 4th position, Drop on to forward leg *en arabesque croisé;* walk *en rond* to *effacé*, lifting arms to 3rd position, *Plié, soutenu en dedans* lowering arms by way of 4th to 1st position, *Tombé en effacé*, forward arm to 2nd position rear arm to 4th position, *pirouette en dedans.* Finish *pirouette* 5th position *en plié*. Extend front leg *tendu croisé*, supporting leg straight. Forward arm to 3rd position, rear arm folded behind back. Hold pose.

Example D. (Not illustrated) *Plié* in 2nd position, arms to 4th position. Rise to *demie-pointe*, lowering arms to 1st and opening through 2nd to 4th position. Drop on to flat foot, pick up working-leg through *sur le cou de pied, developpé à la seconde*, while at the same time repeating same movement of the arms; *plié*, step on to extended leg, lifting other leg *à la seconde;* carry working-leg *en rond* to *arabesque croisé; plié*, lowering working-leg to 4th position, carrying opposition arm to 3rd position *Grand port-de-bras* (see Illustration No. 35A) Arms finishing in 4th position. Brush rear-leg through 1st position, making *grand battement* forward, *relevé, tombé, pas de bourrée dessous* to 4th position *croisé. Pirouette en dedans;* finish kneeling on rear leg, leaning forward, chest arched, arms to 5th position, head looking over front shoulder. Hold pose.

Analysis of steps and movements relating to above adages

Soutenu: Often referred to as **assemblé-soutenu,** is a gathering of the two legs together. There are several variations of this movement, all of which are known in this school as **soutenu.**

Soutenu en Dedans (from Arabesque Effacé). *Plié* on supporting-leg, extended leg is brought in with a circular movement to 5th position in front, supporting-leg rising to *demie-pointe* (or *pointe*); the body leans slightly towards working-leg, with arms gathering to 1st position and lifting to 3rd position as the body turns on both legs—fully stretched—towards the back-leg which on completion of the turn becomes automatically the front-leg, and to which the slight lean of the body is transferred. To obtain a smooth easy turn, the working-leg has to swivel—cheating a little over the floor—to fit neatly into the 5th position behind. A complete *soutenu* finishes *en plié.* Arms opening to 4th position. (See also Article 7. *Barre*-work).

Carrying Leg from Extension to Extension without the use of Passé. If the working-leg is carried from one extended position to another it is held completely stretched, as high as possible without upsetting the balance, and the turn-out is maintained during the whole transition. Such movements sometimes call for a slight adjustment of the supporting-foot which must grip the floor, in as turned-out a position as possible.

Passing Working-leg from Extension to Extension through 1st Position. In passing the leg through 1st position (we call it brushing the leg through) from one extension to another open position, the stretched knee and turn-out are maintained; only the foot gives to the floor in passing (brushing) and stretches again as it leaves the floor.

Port-de-Bras (See Article 9) give the essential movements which cultivate soft flexible arms and hands. By such movements the arms become expressive instruments which by their fluidity and ease adorn the stronger movements of the legs and contribute style and finish to the dance form.

A daily working on *Port de Bras* can only be of the greatest help in developing and maintaining relaxed and graceful arms that will embellish and not hinder the dance movement. It will be observed that there are individual and varied arm movements to blend with every step.

Grand Port de Bras. Standing in 4th position *croisé*, the opposition arm is raised to 3rd position forward arm open to 4th position. With a *plié* on the forward-leg, the body bends forward from the waist. The opposition arm is lowered to 2nd position, and as the body inclines towards it sideways round to backbend, the arm is carried to 4th position while the arm corresponding to the forward leg is carried to 2nd position, passing opposition arm on its way to 3rd position. From the backbend the body continues the circle, bending sideways and coming up to original position, with the forward arm continuing out to 4th position, the opposition arm following on to 3rd position.

The whole movement is smooth and continuous. Throughout, the weight of the body is maintained on the forward-leg, which is *en plié.*

As a general rule the palms of the hands face inwards to the body. Back of the hand of leading arm leads the way; palm of the following arm leads the way. The hands are relaxed and breathe with the movement. A subtle flexibility of the wrist is necessary to allow the hand to give to the movement.

The head and eyes also follow the movement and contribute the final harmony.

Pirouette en Dedans From 4th Position Effacé. Stand *en diagonal*, 4th position *effacé*, head and body facing square to the front corner. *Plié* on forward-leg, with whole weight of the body over the leg; rear-leg held straight behind, both heels firmly on floor. Arm corresponding to supporting-leg forward to 2nd position, other arm open to 4th position. With a rise on to *demie-pointe* (or *pointe*) the 4th position arm gives impetus, being brought in to 2nd position where it meets forward arm, and both arms are lowered to 1st position, while simultaneously the rear-leg is brought in to *sur le cou de pied* front. The action of the head is as previously described. The *pirouette* finishes facing front, with working-leg closing 5th position front, *en plié.*

Pirouette en Dedans from 4th Position Croisé. Stand *en diagonal* 4th position *croisé;* body facing square to front corner, head looking over forward shoulder to face front. Forward arm to 2nd position, rear arm to 4th position. *Plié* on forward-leg with weight of body over leg; rear-leg straight behind. With a rise on to *demie-pointe* (or *pointe*) the 4th position arm gives the impetus, being brought in to 2nd position, where it meets the other arm, and both arms are lowered to 1st position. Simultaneously the rear-leg is brought in to *sur le cou de pied*, front. The action of the head as previously described. The *pirouette* finishes *en face*, with the working-leg closing 5th position front, *en plié.*

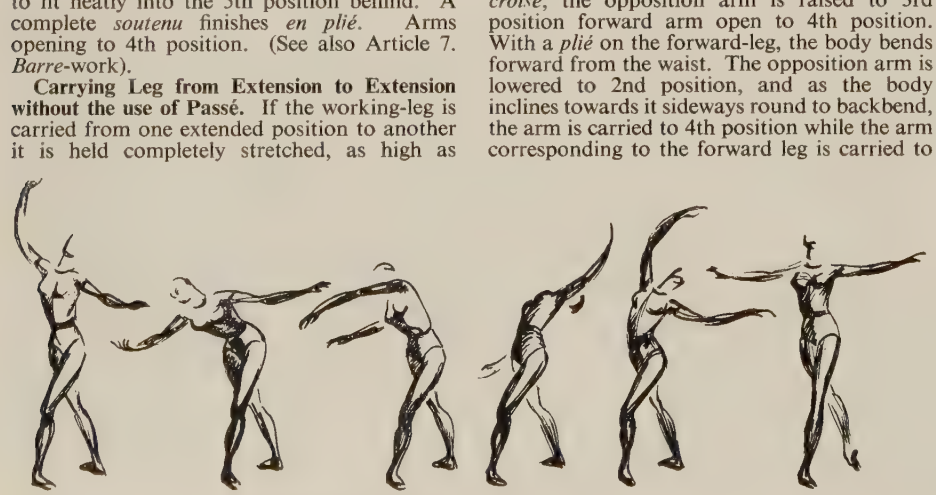


Illustration 35a. Grand Port de Bras

Markova being lifted by Malcolm Goddard and Veit Bethke in one of the many charming lifts from John Taras' ballet. Right: Markova in a variation from the same ballet. Photos: Paul Wilson

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

A play by Clifford Mills and John Ramsey, with music by Roger Quilter, and décor and costumes by Philip Gough, in a new production by Anton Dolin. Choreography of special ballet (music by Tchaikovsky) by John Taras. First performed at the Royal Festival Hall, matinee 27th December, 1954.

The Spirit of the Lake — — — — — — ALICIA MARKOVA
Male Dancers — — — MALCOLM GODDARD, VEIT BETHKE
Corps de Ballet
JENNIFER ANDERTON, DAPHNE CAMERON, GILLIAN CHURCH, PADDY CUSHNER, CLARE DUNCAN, MARETTA GRACE, DERINA HOUSE, SALLY JUDD, CHRISTINA KATIN, CARMEN MATHESON, ANNE MORELLE, JUDY NASH, ISLA RICHARDSON, JUDITH STEWARD, BARBARA SUTTON, MARY VAUGHAN, MARGARET WHITEHOUSE, SUSAN WINTERTON, OLIVIA WORTHINGTON.

IT must be about twenty years since I last saw that dear old patriotic play *Where the Rainbow Ends*. It has changed little during that time.

I will always maintain that this play is healthier for children than the whimsy of *Peter Pan* (what right-minded child would not rather believe in dragons than in fairies?) but I was a little surprised at how entertaining I still found it.

The unforced inanity of Claude Hulbert as Uncle Joseph, combined with the vinegary playing of Betty Turner as that virago Aunt Matilda, and the energetic gallicism of Hubert Willis's Monsieur Bertrand, made the comedy scenes genuinely funny. Add to this sprightly trio a venomous Dragon King (Nicholas Bruce), a Dunks reminiscent of a youthful Olivier-Crookback (Roger Rahn), and a Slacker (Gawn Grainger) magnificently dissolute—one could even imagine him smoking cigarettes in the dormitory—and one has a supporting cast as good as might be wished.

Anton Dolin was perhaps a shade too suave to be my ideal St. George, and in the final (rather namby-pamby) fencing match with the Dragon King he dangerously recalled to mind Gertrude's lines on Hamlet's sword-play, but he has the right radiant nobility about him and an immense charm that flew right to the heart of his young audience.

But it was the ballet that brought me there and the reason for this play being included here.

This was cheerfully interpolated at the end of the second act, immediately after the children have been carried off to face Draconian justice in the Dragon's Castle. Whether Markova is on the side of Right or Wrong is never quite clear, but in any case she is always welcome.

Set to the slow movement of Tchaikovsky's First Symphony, John Taras has created a charming romantic ballet that neatly encompassed its purpose and disappointed in nothing so much as its brevity. A mere twelve minutes of Markova will always leave us anxious for more.

Taras shows off his ballerina with great skill. The idea of giving her two partners —Veit Bethke and Malcolm Goddard, both of whom were excellent—was original, and lent itself to many intriguing and attractive lifts. Taras's style is neo-Romantic in this occasional piece, although his reading of that style, including as it does Ashtonian "air-walking" and some Soviet-manner leaps, is essentially modern. Grace Cone's fine *corps de ballet* is also ingeniously used.

Markova danced with the supple and gentle strength of a willow wand. Her careful softness is unique, as is the remoteness of her personality. No dancer makes less apparent effort to establish connection between herself and the audience, yet few dancers succeed in making that connection so completely. Her dancing has that rarest of all qualities, harmony; she is a classical dancer in more senses than one.

Dancing also found a place elsewhere in the play, in the children's dances ably arranged by Ruby Hilary and engagingly danced by children from the Italia Conti Stage School. Prominent among these dances was the lively Will-o'-the-Wisp of Jean Roberts.

Clive Barnes.

GEORGE GONCHAROV

THE stairs leading to the stalls in the Stoll Theatre will always have a special memory for me. On them I talked to Lionel Bradley for the last time; on them also I talked to George Goncharov during the morning performance of Soviet dancers early in December. He looked ill then and complained of tiredness. A few weeks later he died in the University College Hospital on December 30, 1954.

The dance world of London thus loses a very fine teacher and a person who was beloved by all who had the good fortune to know him. He brought a sane outlook to ballet which was a tonic even to those who are not dancers.

Born in Russia, Goncharov received his early training at the Leningrad State Ballet School. A knee-injury forced him to give up dancing and concentrate on teaching. While teaching in Shanghai, Fonteyn came to him for her first lessons. In 1945 he came to England and was for some years one of the principal teachers at the Sadler's Wells School. He left to become ballet master to Ballet Alicia Alonso in Cuba. In 1951 he returned to London to take over Vera Volkova's West Street Studio where he taught until the time of his death.

Many famous dancers came to him among them Violetta Elvin who was one of his most devoted pupils.

At his funeral service on January 4 at St. Martin in the Fields, Canon Mortlock (also the *Punch* ballet critic) officiated and spoke of Goncharov as a man without enemies. These sentiments must have been echoed in the minds of the congregation who filed out to the swan music from Tchaikovsky's *Le Lac des Cygnes* to be greeted by the first heavy snowfall of the year. Good teachers are rare and vitally needed; it is a real tragedy that one who should have had many valuable years ahead of him has been thus taken from us. His last wish was that his assistant, Joanna Denise, should carry on his work at his studio.

P.W.

DANCERS IN MUSICALS 5

Pantomimes—new and old style

by HARRY STONE

THERE was always a ballet in the traditional classical style in the lavish pantomimes at the Lyceum and Drury Lane. But, today, ice shows have almost ousted these mammoth stage productions from the West End.

Indeed, the only remaining stronghold is *Mother Goose* at the Palladium. Here the company is led by Juliet Prowse as the Whipped Cream Fairy. The ballet, inspired by a sweet shop, has been devised by Pauline Grant in the customary classical style and set to the music of Tchaikovsky.

Prowse could have hardly had a more suitable background. She was in South Africa right up until last March. Teachers in South Africa are very conservative and have little truck with modern dancing. Prowse was with the Johannesburg Festival Ballet four years. Here, her elevation and authority soon singled her out and she danced the Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle* at the age of 16. She is only 18 now, but with perfect equanimity she took over the part at the Palladium at two days' notice when the leading dancer fell ill.

BUT in the case of *The Sleeping Beauty In The Wood* at the Players' Theatre, Jeanne Lusby and Cecil Bates dance in an earlier style than usual. The piece is by J. R. Planché and Denys Palmer, late of International and the Ballet Comique and now appearing in *Can-Can*, has gone to considerable lengths to devise dances in the authentic 19th-century style.

Lusby spent seven years with International Ballet. She is fortunate in that International insisted on *Sylphides* being danced the old fashioned way. As a result, the softer, more flower-like movements and that gently crooked line with the wrist slightly up, which is the essence of the Romantic style, does not seem quite so strange to her. The weight must be over the feet with the body bent delicately forward and the *arabesques* must be low, with the leg at the back slightly relaxed. Lusby has also been carefully cultivating a sweet smile instead of the customary haughty expression.

Indeed, the style is so in period, and with the success of *The Boy Friend* fresh in the Players' memories, Palmer was afraid the audience might mistake the serious ballet for a caricature. However, the sincerity of the company and the evident authenticity of his choreography has averted this disaster.

But perhaps this adventurous production at the Players' Theatre is the sign of a new development. The smaller theatres could well become the experimental ground for pantomime. In this way, it could undergo a long overdue regeneration and emerge strengthened to carry on the tradition.

Juliet Prowse (centre, aloft) in the Land of Whipped Cream *finale to the first half of the Palladium pantomime* Mother Goose. *The choreography was by Pauline Grant.*
Photo: Matthews

Russian version of Verona love story

Romeo and Juliet Suite No. 2 (Prokofiev). Leningrad State Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra (Evgeni Mravinsky). Monarch MEL701. 1 10in. 27*s*. 3½*d*. *Romeo and Juliet* Suite No. 3 (Prokofiev). All-Union Radio Symphony Orchestra (Abram Stasevitch). *Thamar*, (Balakirev). All-Union Radio Symphony Orchestra (Nikolai Golovanov). Monarch MWL307. 1 12in. 36*s*. 5½*d*.

BOTH issues timely coincide with the first performance in this country of *Romeo and Juliet* to be given this month by the Zagreb Opera Ballet.

The ballet's scenario set Prokofiev the ambitious task of matching the mood and development of Shakespeare's play almost speech by speech. He responded with some of his finest writing in a score more consistently inventive and imaginative than his later *Cinderella*, and at the same time more theatrically effective yet able to stand on its own feet away from the ballet. A large orchestra is used economically for sound that is by turn finely-spun and lucidly transparent, sumptuously grand-iloquent or, as in the gripping *Death of Tybalt*, discordantly dramatic. And for the touch of exotic colour without which no Soviet ballet would be complete, in the *Dance of the West Indian Girls* (what a sensation they would have caused in Renaissance Verona!) use is made of maracas, instruments solemnly described in the foreward to the score as being "two nuts, of Cuban origin, scooped out and dried and filled with grains. This instrument is used for the execution of the rhumba (jazz). If unavailable it can be replaced by a box full of nails." Prokofiev made three orchestral suites from the music, the first two dating from 1936, the year following the ballet's creation and the Third Suite of 1944. Suite 2 consists of: *The Montagues and Capulets; Young Juliet; Friar Laurence; Dance; Romeo at Juliet's Before Parting; Dance of the Young West Indian Girls; Romeo on Juliet's Tomb*. Suite 3: *Romeo at the Fountain; Morning Dance; Juliet; The Bread-winners; Aubade; Death of Juliet*.

This gives a well-chosen selection from the cream of the score although one might regret the omission of the stage band music scored for mandolins, guitars and trumpet.

The Russian orchestras give accomplished, atmospheric and strongly rhythmic performances The recording is full and well up to standard although some cloudiness intrudes throughout. MEL701.

The performance of *Thamar* on the second side of MWL307 is reviewed separately together with the Parlophone and Decca records of it.

NEW RECORDS

Reviewed by DAVID HUNT

Music for the Marquis

Musique des Ballets du Marquis de Cuevas. Volume 1: *L'Aigrette* (Chavchavadze). *The Sleeping Beauty*, Act 3: Bluebird *Pas-de-Deux* (Tchaikovsky). Grand Orchestre du Marquis de Cuevas (Gustave Cloez). London International TWV91048. 1 12 in. 36*s*. 5½*d*. Volume 2: *Doña Ines de Castro* (Serra). *L'Ange Gris* (Debussy orch. Caplet and Cloez: *Suite Bergamasque*). Grand Orchestre du Marquis de Cuevas (Gustave Cloez). London International TWV91049. 1 12 in. 36*s*. 5½*d*.

THESE recordings, made during the company's Paris season of Christmas 1953, will gladden the hearts of Ballet de Cuevas admirers.

L'Aigrette, first given at the Casino at Cannes earlier in the year with choreography by Birger Bartholin, had a new production by Victor Gsovsky for its Paris première; but this met with so cold a reception that the ballet was immediately withdrawn from the repertoire. Preliminary grumbles that LP space should be devoted to so short-lived a ballet while recordings of such things as *Le Beau Danube*, *Orpheus* and a complete *Firebird* are long overdue are silenced within the first few moments of listening to Prince George Chavchavadze's highly imaginative music.

There are unmistakable reminiscences of the Russian school from Rimsky-Korsakov through to Khachaturian yet the score is typically French both in orchestration and delicate sensibility of poetic feeling and mood colouring. It has an original *chinoiserie* fairy-tale quality of its own and, cut by about 10 minutes, could well inspire a ballet masterpiece. The version of Princess Marthe Bibesco's scenario outlined on the record sleeve coincides with that of the later single Paris performance. Cloez secures a lucid and sympathetic performance.

The same could not be said, however, of the performance of *Bluebird* given as a fill-up. This is a brash, insensitive piece of playing and conducting—and who was responsible for some drastic and uncalled-for editing of the first variation?

Both scores given in Volume 2 have been heard here in association with the respective ballets. Joaquin Serra's appropriately melodramatic music for Ana Ricarda's *Doña Ines de Castro* occasionally pays its respects to the medieval Portugal of the ballet's story but is largely concerned in ensuring the colourful and emotional impact of the ballet as a whole. It is given here with great verve and rhythmic vitality, the performance including the Infanta's castanets played presumably, as in the ballet, by Ana Ricarda.

The orchestration of Debussy's *Suite Bergamasque*, with the exception of Caplet's arrangement of *Clair de Lune*, was specially carried out by Gustave Cloez for Skibine's *L'Ange Gris*. It serves its purpose in the theatre and the performance can be recommended as a souvenir of the ballet; but the elegant lightness and reticent romanticism of the piano originals are here only secondary considerations.

The recording on both discs is a little deficient in bass, but despite this and some slight tendency to harshness the sound is exceptionally vivid and well above average.

Thamar at last

Thamar (Balakirev). LSO (Fistoulari). One side of Parlophone PMC1009. 1 12 in. 32*s*. 4½*d*. All Union Radio Symphony Orchestra (Nikolai Golovanov) Oneside of Monarch MWL307. 1 12 in. 36*s*. 5½*d*. *Thamar* (Balakirev). *Contes Russes* (Liadov: *Baba Yaga; Eight Russian Folk Songs; Kikimora*). Suisse Romande Orchestra (Ernest Ansermet). Decca LXT2966. 1 12 in. 36*s*. 5½*d*.

BALAKIREV's colourful music, inspired by Lermontov's poem of the cruel Georgian princess, Thamar, provided Diaghilev and Fokine with a ready-made ballet score. Until now there has been no recording available, but by a curious coincidence three have suddenly come out at the same time.

There is little to choose between the performances, each entering with complete conviction into the music's exotic world of evil, passion and excited midnight revelry. Recorded quality on the Supraphon is without the greater opulence of tone of the Decca and Parlophone, but those primarily interested in having a recording of Prokofiev's Third Suite from *Romeo and Juliet* with which it is

coupled (reviewed separately this month) will not be disappointed.

The Liadov pieces on the Decca provided music for Massine's *Contes Russes*, a ballet which, like *Thamar*, lived on in the de Basil repertoire until the war years. Parlophone's coupling is a suite taken from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera formerly called *The Maid of Pskov*, but known nowadays as *Ivan the Terrible*, the name Diaghilev gave it when he presented the first Western European production in Paris in 1909.

Hungarian folk tunes

Kodály: *Dances of Galánta. Dances of Marosszék.* Vienna Symphony Orchestra (Rudolph Moralt). Philips NBR6009. 1 10 in. 27*s.* 3½*d.*

KODÁLY'S *Dances of Galánta* are fairly well-known and will be remembered by many as the music on which Victor Gsovsky created his ballet of the same name for the Metropolitan Ballet. The sensuous languor and fiery abandon of Hungarian gypsy music is here translated into a glowing orchestral composition which, for all its use of traditional tunes in their original harmonies, bears the stamp of Kodály's own unmistakable musical personality.

The *Marosszék Dances*, written three years earlier in 1930, are a similar treatment of authentic folk airs from the Transylvania region, the material in this case being vocal in origin and of far greater antiquity.

Moralt, conducting with all the requisite fluidity of rhythm and phrasing, secures outstanding performances of both works and the rich, full-bodied recording reproduces the bright orchestral colouring to perfection.

Tudor's masterpiece

Pillar of Fire (Schönberg: *Verklärte Nacht*). Stokowski and his Orchestra. One side of HMV ALP1205. 1 12 in. 36*s.* 5½*d.*

A MAN and a woman wander in a moonlit forest. She confesses that she is to bear another man's child. Her lover forgives her and promises to love the child as his own. This theme of Richard Dehmel's poem, on which Schönberg based his *Transfigured Night*, also provided Tudor with the scenario for his *Pillar of Fire*, danced to the same music.

Scored originally for string sextet, the work is given here in the later version for string orchestra (the ballet uses an arrangement for full orchestra). Stokowski secures an imaginative, highly-charged performance of the turgid but often wondrously beautiful score, and it is given warm, atmospheric recording.

The coupling is an equally intense reading of Vaughan-Williams' *Tallis Fantasia* in which the music's rapt, mystical qualities largely elude the conductor's fervently romantic approach.

Murder from New Orleans

The Night is a Sorceress (Bechet). Symphony Orchestra (Jacques Bazire), Sidney Bechet (soprano saxophone). London WV91050. 1 12in. 27*s.* 3½*d.*

SIDNEY BECHET, friend of Louis Armstrong, was born in New Orleans in 1897 and *La Nuit Est Une Sorcière* is the result of a collaboration with André Coffrant. The scenario—of sonnambulism, murder and deep psychological significances—is outlined on the record sleeve.

It is an interesting little score that would make an excellent ballet spot for a variety programme. The idiom is a not altogether successful amalgam of imitation Tchaikovsky and "le jazz hot" with the latter predominating.

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

Miss Angot now a boring lady

BACK from their European tour of splendours and miseries, the Wells opened their 1955 season (likely to continue until the end of June) at Covent Garden on December 16 with *Mam'zelle Angot, Ballet Imperial* and *The Firebird*—works by the three greatest choreographers of this century. Only the earliest, Fokine, emerged completely triumphant.

Of Massine's *Angot* I found myself in horrifying agreement with the Paris critics. It should be gay and effervescent but, apart from Grant's performance of the irrepressible Barber and the musical comedy pastiche of Derain's settings, it induces no emotion in the audience other than boredom.

Perhaps it was never a good ballet—America was quite decided on that point before it was ever hailed in England; possibly it seemed better compared with the rest of the Wells' repertoire at the time when it was created. Possibly Fonteyn, who created the title role, gave it that star quality that can so often turn an indifferent ballet into something one wants to see. Whatever it was, any wool that may have lingered over our eyes has certainly been pulled off now.

It is not easy to say what has happened to Nerina as Angot. She dances so well, she tries so hard and nothing happens any more. She seems to lack personality and style, both more essential to a soubrette role than technique. The same applies to Blair as the Caricaturist—he danced the role as well as it has ever been danced but that personality, once the pride of Rosebery Avenue, is non-existent in Bow Street. Julia Farron was every inch an Aristocrat as was Moira Shearer originally; unfortunately it is a poorly conceived role.

No, it must be reluctantly admitted that *Mam'zelle Angot* is an indifferent ballet and the company (always excepting Grant) have little success in infusing enthusiasm into their performance or the audience.

Not much Imperial about this

A SADDER case is Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial* because it is a very good ballet, but heaven knows that nobody would think it from the performance we saw on this particular evening. On the face of it there is, of course, no plot, but when properly danced there is an underlying emotion that makes one believe that there is. A definite mood should be created—meeting, parting, the mystery of imperial occasion. These things were conveyed by Fonteyn and Somes, later by Elvin; also by Grey, later by Beriosova, in the subsidiary role. The present cast—Jackson, Field and Lindsay—went through their paces with nothing more than adequacy—hardly enough after 104 performances in the Opera House alone. The strange poignancy of the second movement, for instance, was non-existent. The *corps de ballet* was ragged.

Firebird and Fokine save the night

IT was hard to believe that the same company was appearing in *The Firebird*, which ended, and saved, the evening. Though the work has admittedly only had 12 performances at Covent Garden and Ansermet is no longer conducting, the company give the ballet as though they love and cherish it—long may they continue to! Part of the secret may lie in the fact that the principals are always the same (there are no understudies) and this has given each of them the chance to develop their interpretations. Somes as Ivan Tsarevitch, Beriosova as the Tsarevna were always good but the Kostchei of Ashton has improved a lot. He is now a nasty old creature, no longer the step-brother of Carabosse.

Critical opinion of Fonteyn's Firebird has suddenly become strangely divided. It was originally hailed by all but one of the important critics, now it seems they are not at all sure of it. What on earth has brought about this sudden doubt I just cannot think because Fonteyn continues to give the performance of her career.

Only one of the essentials does Fonteyn lack for this role. She has never had phenomenal elevation and there is no doubt that her first entrance across the stage would be more effective if she had. Oddly enough not one of the people who criticise her performance has commented on this; they all bang down on her interpretation, which they seem to imagine should be more like a twopence-coloured Odette.

Karsavina, who taught Fonteyn the role, says that Fokine told her that the Firebird was a bird of prey. He went on to say: "I want mighty beats of the wings, not graceful flutterings." "Don't pick the golden apple so daintily; bite into it fiercely, throw it away wantonly." This also bears out the bird of Russian legend.

Unfortunately I never saw Karsavina in this role, nor did most of the people who are now trying to belittle Fonteyn's performance, but it seems that Fonteyn today is obeying to the letter the dictates laid down by Fokine to Karsavina. If we do not like it this way, then it seems that the fault lies with Fokine, not with Fonteyn. Frankly, I do not think that there is anyone alive who has much right to criticise what is universally hailed as a masterpiece: one might as well criticise any of the great Italian painters because the Holy Family as seen by them bears no resemblance to the family that brought fame to Nazareth.

To me, Fonteyn's Firebird is a most exciting and moving performance. She is a hundred per cent avian. Anyone who has ever watched the behaviour of birds must realise this. The freedom with which she flies about the garden, the violence with which she attacks the fruit tree, the sudden terror in her eyes as she is caught by the Prince, the gratitude as she is released, all add up to a perfect conception. Watch Fonteyn as she stands on the side of the stage surveying the carry-on of Kostchei and his rout; there is all the pride and arrogance with which birds will observe the behaviour of humans, or inhumans, should they happen to be around.

The *pas de deux* for Fonteyn and Somes is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen in a Fokine ballet. I would forego many a performance just to see Fonteyn's breathtaking supported *penché arabesque* which contains all the grandeur of Russian ballet.

The Sadler's Wells Ballet are so often over-praised for the things that they do not do particularly well. Do let us give them full praise for something that they are still doing magnificently. P.W.

Grey returns in the lake

SINCE she gave her first performance of Odette-Odile on her fifteenth birthday in 1942, the role has always been closely associated with Beryl Grey, and it made an effective vehicle for her return to Covent Garden on January 1 after more than 18 months' absence.

Le Lac des Cygnes is a ballet, almost above all others, that requires a fully mature ballerina, and these are rare enough to make Grey's reappearance more than welcome. She is one of the company's few indisputable ballerinas, and, not forgetting the promise and brilliance shown by some of her less-experienced colleagues in her absence, she has been greatly missed.

Fresh from successfully dancing the role as a guest artist with the Helsinki Ballet, her first London performance on her return had little of the tentativeness that might have been expected. Her exquisitely long line and statuesque grace seemed enhanced rather than impaired, and in the last act her dancing could be seen to have even gained something in expression and emotional power.

The unfortunate thing is that her performance and position are now such as to demand comparison with Fonteyn. In this comparison, possibly the most searching that contemporary audiences can apply, she appears to lack passion, fire, incandescence. She is perhaps not sufficiently what the French untranslatably call *spirituelle*, her dancing warms her audience but hardly stabs it to the heart. Let me qualify my remarks by drawing attention to Grey's comparative youth. Whether in 1947 Fonteyn, then at a similar age, was superior to Grey at the present moment must

The original version of Ashton's Façade *with Armstrong's first setting as given by Ballet Rambert.*

Audrey Nicholls and Alexander Bennett are seen in the Tango.

Photo: O'Callaghan

after this lapse of time be almost anyone's guess. I personally feel that Fonteyn would gain a points victory by a very slender margin. But in eight years' time? Who can tell?

John Field's Siegfried now seems so completely externalised and so little felt that the competence of his partnering and dancing can only just compensate. The *Black Swan pas de deux* was unexciting, although the dancers are to be congratulated for avoiding the new ending of the *adage* now adopted by Fonteyn and Somes, which looked as vulgar as it was difficult.

The rest of the cast showed up well. Anya Linden, Cynthia Mayan and David Blair danced a youthfully dazzling *pas de trois* which was far preferable to that (Pauline Clayden, Elaine Fifield and Brian Shaw) supporting Fonteyn earlier in the week. The *pas de six* (Rosemary Lindsay, Michael Boulton, Mary Drage, Meriel Evans, Philip Chatfield and Ronald Hynd) had a welcome cohesion that it has sometimes missed in the past. Among the third Act *divertissements* the *Czardas* led by Anne Heaton and Ray Powell was outstanding.

Blair took Grant's place in the Neapolitan Dance at short notice. His footwork had all the energy and delicacy of Grant in this, but he had none of the cheeky good humour that makes Grant's performance of the kind you write home about.

The orchestra, under Robert Irving, played better than usual—a much-needed achievement. **C.A.B.**

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

Two new fools

NOT least among the virtues possessed by Cranko's *The Lady and the Fool* is the way it shows the Theatre Ballet at its best, and in the clowns Moondog and Bootface, Cranko has created two roles which surely deserve a permanent if small place in British ballet history. Peter Wright's Moondog, following as it did the memorable interpretations of Kenneth Macmillan and David Poole, was the more remarkable for the way it stood up to what could easily have been invidious comparisons. He dances the part as well as either of his predecessors, and if he does not invest Moondog with the whimsical irony of Macmillan or the near-tragic depth of Poole, he brings a new poetic quality to the clown which assists the story's plausibility. All three interpretations are equally valid and enjoyable, a fine testimonial to Cranko's creation.

Patrick Hurde followed Johaar Mosaval as Bootface with a conscientious and commendable performance. He gave it throughout the company's South African tour and dances it well. Unlike Poole and Wright he is too inexperienced to bring out new facets of the character, but it is a performance full of promise.

Patricia Miller's La Capricciosa is a capricious little girl lost, Annette Page in the same role has a worldly air, a hint of sophistication, a touch of the *blasé*. She has developed considerably as a dancer during the past twelve months or so. Scintillarda's two lovers have been danced by Miro Zolan (the Trecu role) and Gilbert Vernon (the Britton role) but neither has given his variation with the same degree of good-humoured dexterity shown by Britton and Trecu.

Selina back again

ANDREE HOWARD'S *Selina*, which was revived on December 21, is nearly a very witty ballet indeed. In conception the idea of ballet making sly but affectionate game out of the conventions of the Romantic Ballet is an excellent one. Here, one would have thought, is an opportunity to do for (or should it be *to*) that period what Tudor has done for the Petipa period in his *Gala Performance*.

Frequently it looks as though Howard will succeed, but parody-pastiche for a full measure of success needs, it seems to me, to be consistently brilliant, and amusing on its own account without back reference to the thing parodied. A parody that is not brilliant is as useful as a dull firework, and an esoteric joke in a public place can at best only achieve partial acceptance.

But some of *Selina* is outrageously amusing, the characters of Agnes and Ravensgarth and Selina's joyous fall over the chasm are superb, while in the *corps de ballet* dances Howard gets in with some really telling barbs of satire. Guy Warrick's orchestration of Rossini is a little heavy-handed, and the Rossini itself is of no notable vintage. The scenery by Peter Williams (who was also co-author of the ballet with the choreographer) hits the very note of extravagant romanticism. With its ravines, crags and precipices it is the epitome of the early 19th-century cult of the "picturesque" —a Salvator Rosa gone to seed.

The performance the ballet received was excellent. David Poole as the rather unbending hero and Patricia Miller as the very silly heroine were delightful. As was Johaar Mosaval (a dancer who obviously one day is destined for great things) as the inconsequential brother, Annette Page as a knowing Queen of the Naiads, and David Gill as the world's wickedest Stepfather.

However the ballet belongs, and always has belonged, to Agnes the Witch. This role created with gusto by Stanley Holden has now passed to the choreographer herself. Holden had a richness of comedy that Howard cannot quite equal, but, cavorting around like Madge the Hag on her way to a Walpurgis Night revel, she electrifies the ballet and the audience on her every entry.

Lane as Swanilda

SELINA was, appropriately, revived in time for Christmas, and soon after the holiday, on the afternoon of December 29, the company produced their second festive offering, a revival of *Coppelia*. The production seems particularly poor after the last Covent Garden revival, but there was nothing impoverished about the performance it received.

Maryon Lane, as we know from past experience, is a splendid Swanilda, standing high in the well-filled (in both senses) ranks of Sadler's Wells dancers who take this role. Experience in the part has brought her a mastery of its inflections, yet has not dulled her performance into routine.

Experience has also added to David Poole's Dr. Coppelius since he first assumed the role. Now choosing to exploit the pathetic qualities of Hoffmann's old Doctor rather than the sinister aspects he once emphasised, Poole gives a good performance, but still not as good as the one he is capable of. For a start he should revise his jerky, shambling gait, which manages to look neither naturalistic nor stylised. One wonders why no one in this country has adopted a variant of the Niels Bjorn Larsen Dr. Coppelius from Copenhagen, which makes the character a crazy, obsessed crank. This approach allows Coppelius to be sinister, pathetic, amusing and, in a sense, lovable.

Doreen Tempest was agreeably competent as Prayer, and Sara Neil danced exceptionally well, with a clean finish and good line, as Dawn; but the newcomer who impressed most was Miro Zolan as Franz.

A promising debut

A FIRST full-length role for the first time before a London audience marks a stepping stone in a young dancer's career. Whether the step is in the direction of eventual ballerina status or only respectable oblivion, it is often difficult to tell, but there are always indications. The indications that accompanied Annette Page's debut as Swanilda on January 8, were almost completely favourable.

Her self-assurance was most unusual, and belied the circumstances. She even invented new business (her guying of Dr. Coppelius's exit at the end of

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the first act was a notable innovation) and acted throughout with sparkling intelligence.

At the very beginning her dancing was a little mechanical, but by the entry of the Friends she was dancing with the utmost confidence and, despite a couple of minor flaws in the *pas de deux*, her last act would have been a credit to a dancer far more experienced. One word of warning, her gaiety did not seem quite spontaneous enough, her acting appearing a trifle contrived. This could easily have been due to nerves and time should provide the remedy.

Page was supported by Gilbert Vernon who, although no stranger to the role of Franz, was dancing it for the first time at Sadler's Wells. His high spirits and amusing acting, combined with sound partnering and dancing make him a most agreeable Franz. It is a pity however that he has substituted in the last act *coda* a round of *jetés en tournant*, which he does poorly, in place of the series of double air-turns he performed with such *éclat* at Covent Garden.

Dr. Coppelius was also taken by a newcomer to the role, Miro Zolan, who chose to play it as a beneficient spirit. This was probably the most extravagant performance I have seen since Helpmann's hey-day, and within its terms of reference it was entirely successful. A superficial portrait, or rather an animated cartoon, it coloured in the amiable characterisation with unforced slapstick. Zolan's mime was transparently clear and included touches, such as his remark, "I have made her arms and her legs work, now I must make her breathe," which I have never seen before.

All three artists worked well together to give what was in many ways a memorable performance.

C.A.B.

TELEVISION

PUNCH AND THE CHILD
Steps into Ballet—Part II

Given on December 5. Choreography, Kenneth Macmillan; designs, Michael Yates; Introduced by Peggy van Praagh; music, Richard Arnell—on gramophone records, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham; piano played by John Lanchberry; produced by Naomi Capon.

CAST

Punch — — — — — DONALD BRITTON
Child — — — — — SUSAN SALOMAN
Mother — — — — — — MAUREEN BRUCE
Father — — — — — DONALD BRITTON
Judy — — — — — MAUREEN BRUCE
Policeman — — — KENNETH MACMILLAN
Pretty Polly — — — — MAUREEN BRUCE

PERHAPS the most impressive quality in this series has been its very simplicity—every movement, however simple, appears to have been minutely rehearsed, yet seeming perfectly natural. Everything flowed smoothly, whether it was the dancers practising their *barre*, or the transition from the rehearsal floor to the actual ballet set.

The instructional half of the programme was devoted mainly to a talk on *entrechats*, *fouettés* and *pirouettes*; all the examples being neatly demonstrated by the three dancers.

The ballet itself continued with the Child's adventures with Punch, whilst a new character, Pretty Polly, was introduced. Finally a Policeman, amusingly mimed by Kenneth MacMillan, in what can only be described as seven league boots, arrived on the beach to arrest Punch who, leaping on his hobby-horse, set off at a terrific gallop and escaped with the long arm and the large feet of the law in hot pursuit. Unfortunately we had to wait until the following week before reaching the conclusion of this enthralling serial.

The three instalments of this series will be summed-up next month.

MUSIC FOR YOU

Given on December 13; Introduced by Eric Robinson; designed by Stewart Marshall; produced by Patricia Foy.

Guest Artist—BERYL GREY

Music by Liszt; Choreography by Beryl Grey.

THIS was Beryl Grey's first public appearance in England as a ballerina since her enforced departure some eighteen months ago. Admittedly she had just returned from a triumphant visit to Helsinki where her dancing had achieved a tremendous success, but this was to be her first reappearance in London, prior to rejoining Sadler's Wells at Covent Garden on New Year's Eve.

She was intended to appear in a sequence from *Les Sylphides*, but instead Eric Robinson announced that she was going to dance to one of Liszt's *Consolations*.

The theme of the dance was purely abstract; it was a romantic solo of lyrical beauty, Grey was discovered reclining on a sofa, from which she rose, performed a short dance, at the end of which she came to rest at the foot of her couch.

There are few ballerinas today whose *port de bras* is so exquisite and her dancing had a matchless quality of warmth and tenderness.

The dance was given against a backcloth of dark curtains, which showed off her white dress to great advantage.

At the end of the dance Eric Robinson made no mention of the fact that the choreography was by Beryl Grey herself. This was most regrettable as it was a very lovely solo which ideally captured the romantic mood of Liszt's composition.

Nicholas Baker

Dance and Dancers . . . ABROAD

AMERICA

Solov's first independent went for Met.

DURING mid-December the Metropolitan Opera Company presented *Vittorio*, the first independent ballet to be mounted by this organisation since the Balanchine regime in the late 1930s. This 45-minute work, set to music by Verdi, was choreographed by the opera company's choreographer, Zachary Solov, who also danced the title role.

Apparently, since this ballet was composed for performance in conjunction with an opera repertoire, choreographer Solov felt justified in developing a scenario full of melodramatic action. As a result, he devised a plot so complicated that it required a three paragraph synopsis as a programme note. Briefly, it deals with the efforts of a middle-aged princess to ensnare a young duke.

Mia Slavenska had the role of the princess and Zachary Solov that of the young duke. Though it was indeed a pleasure to see Solov dancing again, it must be added that this lyric, romantic role is not the type most suitable for his own very commendable style. The bravura role assigned to Slavenska, however, gave her ample opportunity to shine both technically as well as dramatically.

Also notable were Jean Lee Shoch, in the role of a gypsy, and lovely Judith Younger, who provided the romantic interest. Two mimed roles were performed by the experienced Edward Caton and Yurek Lazowski.

In endeavouring to produce a ballet in an opera framework, Solov has placed so much emphasis on his plot and counter plots that he has neglected to provide very much in the way of sheer movement. What there is, however, is a spirited *pas de quatre* and two inventive variations; and these are danced with style and spirit.

The Metropolitan Opera Company spared no expense in mounting this new ballet. Though poorly lit, the setting by Esteban Frances was lavish and very much in the grand opera tradition and his costumes, executed by Karinska, had a true Renaissance flavour. Looking worth every bit of the 50,000 dollars cost that was rumoured to have been spent on it, this new ballet was actually mounted for approximately 21,000 dollars. Certainly this sum indicates the management's interest in ballet and one hopes that the fact that this first independent work was not a major success will not deter the long-range view for dance at the Met.

Paul Draper's return

AFTER too long an absence from the New York concert scene, Paul Draper returned (co-starred with his aunt, Ruth Draper) for a three-week season at the Bijou Theatre. Though for the past 10 or 15 years it has been evident that Paul Draper could tap dance circles around most of his competitors, he proved this season that he can also excel his own very distinguished past records. Now dancing at the very top of his form, his enormous technical skill and artistic range were made totally apparent.

In his formal dances, such as the solos to Bach and Handel, there is a classic and courtly elegance that are characterised by the straight spine, the *port de bras*. In another mood, there is *Two Approaches To The Same Subject*, a two-part dance that offers "A Sharp Character" and "In A Dance Hall," and both are very contemporary in character and movement. His still fresh *Folk Medley* and the humorous and biting *Satire On A Political*

A scene from Leonide Massine's new ballet, The Mikado, *which he recently mounted for the re-formed Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo now touring the United States.*

Left: Paul Draper who has made a triumphant return to his native America.

Joan Davis

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Tudor to re-stage ballets

LUCIA CHASE and Oliver Smith, co-directors of Ballet Theatre, have announced that Antony Tudor has been engaged to re-stage four of his ballets for the company's fifteenth anniversary season in New York this spring. Tudor, who was a member of Ballet Theatre at its birth in 1940, has been absent from the organisation for several past seasons. He is richly represented in the company's repertory by 10 ballets, six of them composed especially for Ballet Theatre, plus four others originally created in England. Of this group, *Pillar of Fire, Romeo and Juliet, Gala Performance* and *Judgement of Paris* will be put in rehearsal for the New York season. Nora Kaye, Hugh Laing (who will be guest artist during the engagement) and Antony Tudor will appear in *Pillar of Fire*, and it is hoped that Alicia Markova will be seen in *Romeo and Juliet* with Laing.

New York City Ballet's tour

LEONID LEONIDOFF, Paris impresario, has arranged a three-month European tour for the New York City Ballet. It is more than likely that the company will start their fourth European tour in Monte Carlo on April 3. Current plans call for appearances at the Florence Maggio Musicale as well as at festivals in Lausanne, Zurich, Wiesbaden and Holland. This company will also visit Paris, Rome, Lisbon and Milan as well as other cities in Germany and Scandinavia. As we go to press, however, there is still no mention made of London appearances, nor has there been talk of any tour in Britain.

Dance and Dancers in Canada

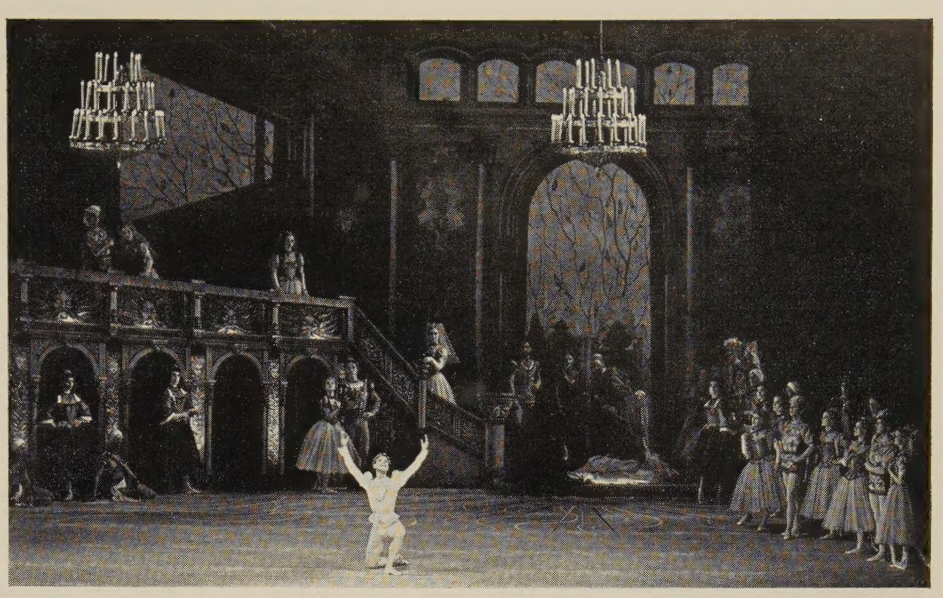
THE National Ballet Company of Canada has just signed a contract with the William Morris Agency of New York, London and Paris. Under this agreement, these offices will handle all television, film and personal appearances of this dance company in the United States and in Europe.

A fund to raise fifty thousand dollars, in order to "put the Royal Winnipeg Ballet back on its toes," is now under way in Canada. A new headquarters and studios are needed by this group because of the fire that destroyed their original base a few months ago. If the fund is completed successfully, it is reported that some twenty dancers will be put under contract and six new works will be produced.

Dance and Dancers on Broadway

THE revival of *On Your Toes*, starring Vera Zorina, closed with an estimated loss of 130,000 dollars. . . . Herbert Ross replaced George Balanchine as choreographer for *House of Flowers* during the out-of-town try-out period. . . . Hanya Holm's services as choreographer are being sought by two new musicals due later this season. One is *Dilly*, a musical with a Hollywood locale and the other is *Shangri-La*. However, with Holm's first Hollywood film, *The Vagabond King*, in the production stage, it is now doubtful that she will complete the dance scenes in time to take over the duties for more than one of these musicals. . . . Valerie Bettis has returned from Hollywood to appear as one of the feminine leads in Ben Hecht's *Up, Down and Across*, a play with music based on the life of the late poet Maxwell Bodenheim. . . . *Hit The Trail*, a musical with a Western locale, played a brief four-day engagement in New York before closing down as a result of unanimous poor reviews. . . . Musicals *Silk Stockings* and *The House of Flowers* have repeatedly postponed opening in New York until extensive revisions are completed during their touring engagements. . . .

Arthur Todd



Zachary Solov in his own ballet, Vittorio, *which recently had its première at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The designing is by Esteban Frances and the work is danced to Verdi music.* *Photo: LeBlang*

FRANCE

The Paris Opéra Ballet

FLORENT SCHMITT'S *La Tragédie de Salomé* was revived at the Opéra on December 15, with new choreography by Albert Aveline. Created originally by Loie Fuller, and later revived on April 1, 1919, by Ida Rubinstein assisted by the choreographer Nicholas Guerra, this important work had already been produced by Albert Aveline, on July 7, 1944, without causing any great sensation.

For the second time the ballet-master who has given us such charming works as *La Grande Jatte*, tackled a subject and a score which are justly renowned but to which he was temperamentally unsuited. The colourful magic, the sensual spell of the music, remain, perhaps one day to be translated into plastic movement.

Lycette Darsonval has succeeded Suzanne Lorcia in the leading part, but despite her assured technique she does not succeed in portraying a convincing Salomé, which is doubtless the fault of the choreographer and also to some extent of the costume designer.

Paulette Dynalix, rather smothered in a heavy costume, plays the role of Herodias with a delicate touch, and Mlles. Amiel and Grimoin, sheathed in black and blue, appear fugitively at the head of a garland of tempting precious stones. While watching these monotonous and studied evolutions, the mind harks back to that frenzied and perverse Salomé which Serge Lifar conceived to music by Richard Strauss, for the dancer Olgar Adabache. Yves Brayer's set surrounds the stage with high walls.

THE last ballet performance of 1954 contained a double surprise in *Grand Pas*. First, Jean-Paul Andréani, just recovered from his illness, made a brilliant come-back in the part which earned him his nomination as *étoile*, and the audience was delighted to be able to admire again the famous elasticity of his *jetés*. One is concerned, however, that this young dancer should not overtax his strength, which he has not yet fully recovered.

The second surprise was seeing Peter Van Dijk in the variation created for Kalioujny: the purity of his style and the virile nobility of his line made light of the burden of such a succession.

SERGE LIFAR is at present busy rehearsing his new ballet, *Les Noces Fantastiques*, the first performance of which is announced for February 9. This important work is in four scenes and will last an hour without interruption, so as not to disturb the dramatic and emotional continuity.

Originally conceived in 1943 by Lifar and the composer Marcel Delannoy, it was to have been given with settings by Daragnès, whose subsequent death, together with alterations to the scenario, made necessary the choice of another designer.

The artist André Chastel is designing the abstract sets, and Levasseur the costumes, these two elements being synthesised by André Boll. The ballet, in which male dancers play an important part, will feature Nina Vyroubova, Claude Bessy, and Peter Van Dijk.

Belinda Wright and George Skibine in Skibine's new work La Reine Insolente *which had its first performance by Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas at Metz on December* 14. *The music is by François Serette and the designs by Alwynn Gamble. This is the same team that worked together on the very successful* Idylle, *one of the outstanding successes of the last de Cuevas London season.* *Photo: Lido*

Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas

TWICE has Harlequin been the hero of the recent Parisian creations of the Cuevas company. First Bronislava Nijinska produced a *pas de deux* from Marius Petipa's *Les Millions d'Arlequin*, to music by Drigo, in which Belinda Wright was a coquettish Columbine and Golovine a rather spiritless Harlequin despite the breadth of his *jetés*.

Vladimir Skouratoff, for his part, made his début as a choreographer in *Scarlattiana*. This brief sketch introduces us to the principal characters of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, and if it does not shine with great originality, either thematically or choreographically, at least it is gay and unpretentious.

Casella's music, based on Scarlatti, lends itself admirably to the comic and tender evolutions of this little world of marionettes. Skouratoff makes a bounding and witty Harlequin, Jacqueline Moreau has found again in the role of Isabelle the sprightly expression one remembered when she danced in

FRANCE *(continued from page 29)*

Salade at the Opéra. She is certainly more at home in such parts as these than in the virtuoso display of the *Black Swan*. Daniel Sellier appears as a moustachioed bandit straight from Calabria, if not Sicily.

New Skibine work

AT Metz, on December 15, the company gave the first performance of an important work, *La Reine Insolente*. Once again the composer François Serette and the choreographer George Skibine, creators of *Idylle*, have collaborated with Alwynn Gamble. Michael Gastaldi's theme is that of the Illusions, so often evoked in the past since the 17th-century, and in particular in Lifar's *Les Mirages*. A young man successively realises the illusions of Youth (Belinda Wright), Love (Marjorie Tallchief), Glory which is snatched from him by another ambitious man, and Riches which slip through his fingers. Finally he tries in vain to unmask Illusion itself, an insolent queen who remains a mystery under her masks which are perpetually renewed.

IN January the company will appear in North Africa —in Algiers, Oran, Casablanca, Marrakesh and Rabat. Then they go to Liège, Brussels, Antwerp and Namur before giving a winter season at Cannes.

L'Opéra-Ballet de Paris

THIS organisation, founded by the singer Maria Férès, aims to stage modern one-act opera-ballets in accordance with the modern taste for brevity, action, change, and ballet. Although the number of performers, singers, dancers and musicians, is restricted, it was possible to create only one such work, the very short *Armida* by Maurice Jarre, which suffers by not being given with similar works. It is, nevertheless; an interesting experiment. The dramatic action seems rather elliptical, the music a little akin to the stage music which the composer wrote for the Théâtre National Populaire. Maria Férès plays Armida, and her rival, her young maidservant, is played by the dancer Tessa Beaumont. The choreography is by Ottavio Cintolesi, and the setting by René Allio.

A REVIVAL of Gluck's *Orphée* constituted the major portion of the programme. Performed by a small ballet company including Esteban Cerda, Marian Hilarides and Tessa Beaumont, Janine Charrat's new choreography has some fine movements. According to tradition, it was danced in soft shoes or bare feet, but was always classical in spirit, with *dégagés, tours en attitudes*, and some unexpected lifts. One may perhaps reproach the choreographer—as was Gaëtan Vestris, who was the first to arrange the ballets at the Paris Opéra on August 2, 1774—for not sufficiently accentuating the contrast between the Furies and the Blessed Spirits; but one must admire the varied and harmonious movement against dark curtains which remind one of the figures on a Greek vase with a dark ground. Orphée once more bears witness to the skill of the choreographer of *Les Algues* and the leading spirit of a company which we very much hope to see reborn in the spring.

News in Brief

AT Lausanne the municipality, by agreement with the Theatre, has just opened a Ballet School of which Serge Lifar is Artistic Director. Nicholas Zvereff and his wife are in charge of the teaching. Zvereff has just been commissioned by Maurice Lehmann to arrange the choreography of the Vine Festival at Vevey which Lehmann is to produce.

ROLAND PETIT, after a stay of 11 months in the USA, has returned for a short visit to Paris. In January he returns to Hollywood for a few months to arrange the ballets in a production of Cole Porter's *Anything Goes*, in which Renée Jeanmaire will dance. Not before the end of 1955 will he be able to produce in Paris the spectacular show which he is at present planning, in which the dance will hold only second place.

JEAN BABILEE has just gone to Los Angeles to discuss the possibilities of a film with Californian producers.

Marie-Françoise Christout

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET
at Covent Garden

January
22(M) *Coppelia* (Fifield)
22(E) *Lac des Cygnes* (Jackson, Somes)
24 *Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes)
26 *Patineurs, Ballet Imperial, Firebird*
28 *Lac des Cygnes* (Elvin, Field)
29(M) *Sylphides, Rinaldo and Armida, Checkmate*
29(E) *Coppelia* (Fifield, Shaw)
February
1 *Variations on a Theme of Purcell, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
3 *Boutique Fantasque, Giselle* (Elvin, Rassine)
5(M) *Variations on a Theme of Purcell, Rinaldo and Armida, Firebird*
5(E) *Ballet Imperial, Rinaldo and Armida, Daphnis and Chloe*
10 *Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Field)
12(M) *Patineurs, Giselle* (Elvin, Rassine)
17 *Mam'zelle Angot, Checkmate, Ballet Imperial*
19(M) *Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Rassine)
19(E) *Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, Field)
24 *Sylphides, Boutique Fantasque, Firebird*
25 *Coppelia* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
26(M) *Sylphides, Firebird, Ballet Imperial*

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET
at Sadler's Wells Theatre

January
22(M) *Carnaval, Danses Concertantes, Pineapple Poll*
27 *Carnaval, Blood Wedding, Carte Blanche*
29(M) *Danses Concertantes, The Lady and the Fool, Cafédes Sports*
February
1 *Danses Concertaintes, Blood Wedding, Pineapple Poll*
5(M) *Carnaval, Selina, Carte Blanche*

Provincial Tour

February
7 Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon
14 Gaumont Theatre, Preston
21 Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton
28 New Theatre, Oxford
March
7 Hippodrome, Derby
14 Alhambra, Bradford
21 Globe Theatre, Stockton-on-Tees
28 Theatre Royal, Norwich
April
4 King's Theatre, Southsea

BALLET RAMBERT

January
24 Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle
31 Scottish Tour — Rothesay, Troon Clydebank, Grangemouth, Aberdeen
February
7 The Gateway, Edinburgh (2 weeks)
21 Royalty Theatre, Chester
28 Hippodrome, Wigan
March
7 Connaught Theatre, Worthing
14 Hippodrome, Aldershot

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January
24 *Prince Igor.* Opera with ballet
25 " " " "
26(M&E) *Romeo and Juliet*
27 *Prince Igor.* Opera with Ballet
29(M) *Romeo and Juliet*
29(E) *Prince Igor.* Opera with ballet
31 *Gingerbread Heart* (with opera *Pagliacci*)
February
1 *Prince Igor.* Opera with ballet
2(M) *Gingerbread Heart* (with opera *Pagliacci*)
3 *The Devil in the Village*
4 *Prince Igor.* Opera with ballet
5(E)
7
8 *Gingerbread Heart* (with opera *Pagliacci*)
9(M) *The Devil in the Village*
9(E) *Prince Igor.* Opera with ballet
10 *Gingerbread Heart* (with opera *Pagliacci*)
11 *Prince Igor.* Opera with ballet
12(M)

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February
1, 2, 3 Tour of North Wales
7, 14, 21, 28 Park Lane Theatre, London
12 Hornsea

ON THE COVERS

This month's front cover, by Houston Rogers, is of Beryl Grey in Act II of *Le Lac des Cygnes* the ballet in which she made her return to The Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden.

GREY was born at Muswell Hill, London, on June 11, 1927. She first studied at the Royal Academy of Dancing and also with Madeline Sharp. At the age of nine she gained a scholarship to the Sadler's Wells School, making her debut in the *corps de ballet* of the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1941. Her first solo was in Helpmann's *Comus* in 1942. After that she took over a number of leading roles until, in the same year, she danced her first ballerina role—Odette-Odile in *Le Lac des Cygnes*. Since then she has danced all the ballerina roles in the great classical ballets and also in the contemporary repertoire. She has not created a new role since Death in Massine's *Donald of the Burthens* a few years ago. Now second ballerina to Fonteyn in the Wells Ballet, she also makes frequent guest appearances abroad and danced *The Black Swan* in the first three-dimensional ballet film.

OUR back cover is of Sonia Kastl, as Juliet and Nenad Lhotka, as Romeo in Margareta Froman's *Romeo and Juliet* to Prokofiev's music which will be given by The Yugoslav National Opera and Ballet Company from Zagreb during their season at the Stoll Theatre, London.

LOOK FOR

MARYON LANE

On the front cover of the March *Dance an Dancers* in Kenneth Macmillan's new ballet *Danses Concertantes* for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

Also in the same number will be pictures and opinions of this ballet, also of the ballets presented by the Yugoslav National Opera and Ballet Company from Zagreb. Pictures of the Rumanian Dance Company. David Ellis' reply to *What's to be done with the Workshop* and many articles and pictures of topical dance interest as well as all the usual features. On sale February 25.

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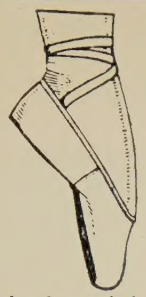

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